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THE  
S E A S O N S.

B Y

JAMES THOMSON.



L O N D O N :  
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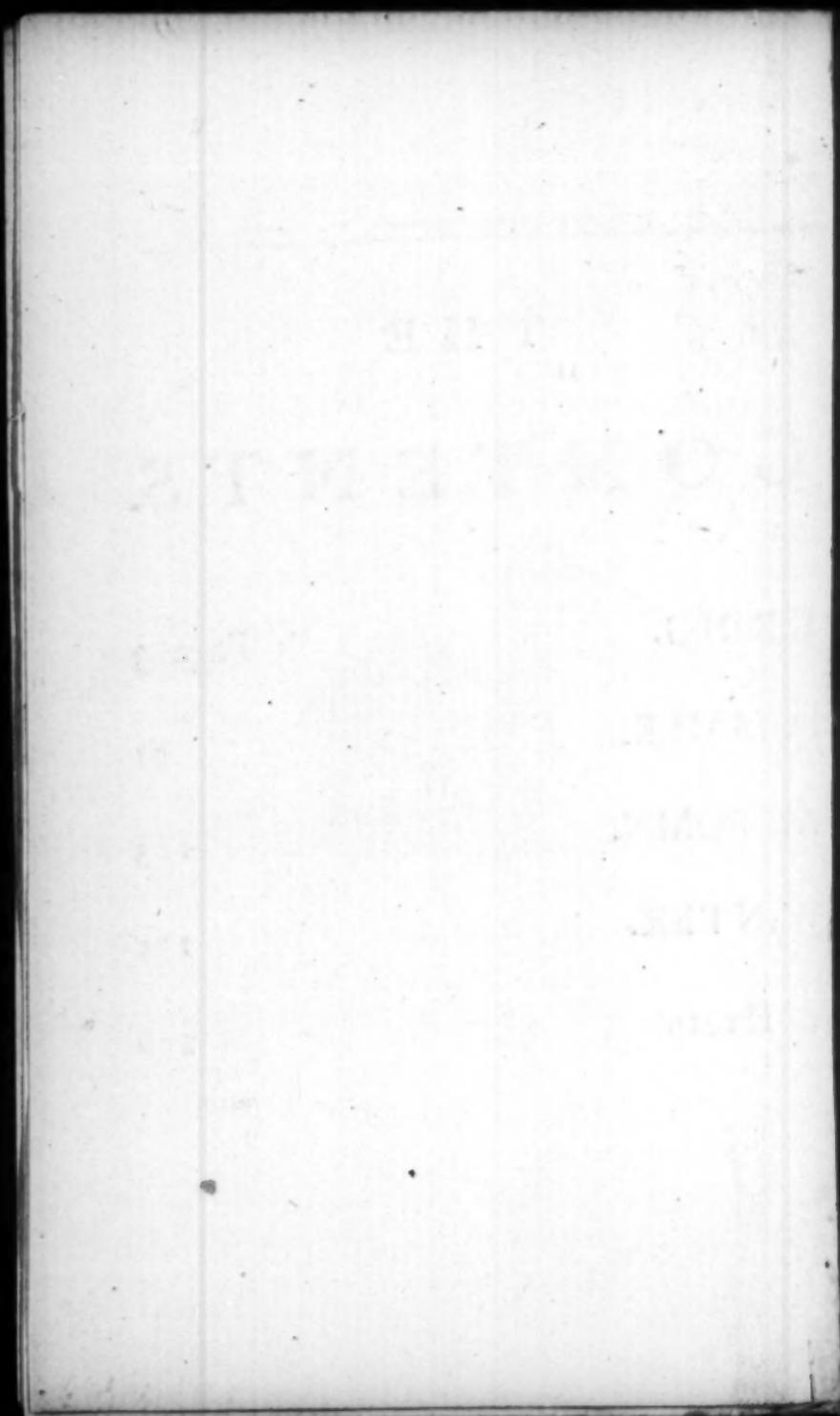


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S P R I N G.

B

### The ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD.* The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.

## S P R I N G.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,  
 And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
 While music wakes around veil'd in a shower  
 Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend.

O HARTFORD, fitted or to shine in courts  
 With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
 With innocence and meditation join'd  
 In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
 Which thy own Season paints ; when Nature all  
 Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

5

10

AND see where surly WINTER passes off,  
 Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts :  
 His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill,  
 The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale ;  
 While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch, 15  
 Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
 The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets 20  
Desert the day delightless: so that scarce  
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph'd  
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore  
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. 25

AT last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,  
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more  
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;  
But, full of life and vivifying soul, 29  
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,  
Fleecy and white, o'er all-surrounding Heaven.

FORTH fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,  
Unbinding earth, the moving softness strays.  
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives  
Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers 35  
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plough  
Lies in the furrow, loosened from the frost.  
There, unrefusing to the harness'd yoke,  
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark. 40  
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the shining shore

The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,  
Winds the whole work, and fidelong lays the glebe.

WHITE thro' the neighbouring fields the fower stalks,  
With measur'd step ; and liberal throws the grain 45  
Into the faithful bosom of the ground :  
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

Be gracious, HEAVEN ! for now laborious Man  
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes blow !  
Ye fostering dews, ye tender showers, descend ! 50  
And temper all, thou world-reviving sun,  
Into the perfect year ! Nor ye who live  
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,  
Think these lost themes unworthy of your ear :  
Such themes as these the *rural* *MAKO* sung 55  
To wide-imperial *Rome*, in the full height  
Of elegance and taste, by *Greece* refin'd.  
In antient times, the sacred plough employ'd  
The kings, and awful fathers of mankind :  
And some, with whom compar'd your insect-tribes 60  
Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm  
Of mighty war ; then, with victorious hand,  
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd  
The plough, and greatly independant scorn'd 65  
All the vile stores corruption can bestow.

YE generous BRITONS, venerate the plough !  
 And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,  
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,  
 Luxuriant and unbounded ! as the sea, 70  
 Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,  
 Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores  
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports ;  
 So with superior boon may your rich soil,  
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour 75  
 O'er every land, the naked nations cloathe,  
 And be th' exhaustless granary of a world !

NOR only thro' the lenient air this change,  
 Delicious, breathes ; the penetrative sun,  
 His force deep-darting to the dark retreat 80  
 Of vegetation, sets the steaming power  
 At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,  
 In various hues ; but chiefly thee, gay *Green* !  
 Thou smiling Nature's universal robe !  
 United light and shade ! where the sight dwells 85  
 With growing strength, and ever-new delight.

FROM the moist meadow to the withered hill,  
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.  
 The hawthorn whitens ; and the juicy groves 90  
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,

Till

Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales ;  
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,  
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd 95  
 In all the colours of the flushing year,  
 By Nature's swift and secret-working hand,  
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
 With lavish fragrance ; while the promis'd fruit  
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd, 100  
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town  
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisom damps,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops  
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze 105  
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk ;  
 Or taste the smell of dairy ; or ascend  
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,  
 And see the country, far diffus'd around.  
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled shower  
 Of mingled blossoms ; where the raptur'd eye 111  
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath  
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

If, brush'd from *Russian* wilds, a cutting gale  
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings 115  
 The clammy mildew ; or, dry-blowing, breathe  
 Untimely frost ; before whose baleful blast  
 The full-blown spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,

Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste,  
 For oft, engender'd by the hazy north, 120  
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies waft  
 Keen in the poison'd breeze ; and wasteful eat,  
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blackened core,  
 Their eager way. A feeble race ! yet oft  
 The sacred sons of vengeance ! on whose course 125  
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.  
 To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,  
 And blazing straw, before his orchard burns ;  
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe  
 From every cranny suffocated falls : 130  
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust  
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe :  
 Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,  
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest ;  
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill, 135  
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares.

BE patient, swains ; these cruel-seeming winds  
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd  
 Those deepening clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,  
 That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne, 140  
 In endless train, would quench the summer-blaze,  
 And, cheerless, drown the crude unripened year.

THE north-east spends his rage ; he now, shut up  
 Within his iron cave, th' effusive south

Warms

## S P R I N G.

9

Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showers distent.  
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
 Scarce staining ether; but by fast degrees,  
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails  
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep      150  
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom.  
 Not such as wintry-storms on mortals shed,  
 Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
 And full of every hope and every joy,  
 The wish of Nature. Gradual, sinks the breeze,  
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath      156  
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,  
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling leaves  
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd  
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse      160  
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye  
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspence,  
 The plamy people streak their wings with oil,      165  
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;  
 And wait th' approaching sign to strike, at once,  
 Into the general choir. Even mountains, vales,  
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand  
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks      170  
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,

The clouds confign their treasures to the fields ;  
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow, 175  
 In large effusion, o'er the freshened world.  
 The stealing shower is scarce to patter heard,  
 By such as wander thro' the forest-walks,  
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
 But who can hold the shade, while Heaven descends  
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs, 181  
 And fruits, and flowers, on Nature's ample lap ?  
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth ;  
 And, while the milky nutriment distils,  
 Beholds the kindling country colour round. 185

Thus all day long the full-distended clouds  
 Indulge their genial stores, and well-shower'd earth  
 Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life ;  
 Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
 Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush 190  
 Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.  
 The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
 Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,  
 Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,  
 Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain, 195  
 In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.  
 Moist, bright, and green, the landscape laughs around.  
 Full swell the woods ; their every music wakes,  
 Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks

## SPRING.

II

Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills, 200  
 The hollow lows responsive from the vales,  
 Whence blending all the sweetened zephyr springs,  
 Mean time refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
 Befridding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds, 205  
 In fair proportion running from the red,  
 To where the violet fades into the sky.  
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds  
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;  
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold 210  
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd  
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the swain;  
 He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,  
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
 To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd 215  
 B. holds th' amusive arch before him fly,  
 Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,  
 A softened shade, and saturated earth  
 Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,  
 Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes, 220  
 The balmy treasures of the former day.

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,  
 O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power  
 Of botanist to number up their tribes:  
 Whether he steals along the lonely dale, 225  
 In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank

With what the dull incurious weeds account,  
 Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,  
 Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.  
 With such a liberal hand has Nature flung 230  
 Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,  
 InnumEROus mix'd them with the nursing mold,  
 The moistening current, and prolific rain.

BUT who their virtues can declare? Who pierce,  
 With vision pure, into these secret stores 235  
 Of health, and life, and joy? The food of Man,  
 While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told  
 A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood,  
 A stranger to the savage arts of life,  
 Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease; 240  
 The lord, and not the tyrant of the world.

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladdened race  
 Of uncorrupted Man, nor blush'd to see  
 The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:  
 For their light slumbers gently fum'd away; 245  
 And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,  
 Or to the culture of the willing glebe,  
 Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.  
 Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport  
 Wisdom and friendly talk, successive stole 250  
 Their hours away. While in the rosy vale  
 Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,

And full replete with bliss ; save the sweet pain,  
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.

Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed, 255  
Was known among these happy sons of HEAVEN ;  
For reason and benevolence were law.

Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.  
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,  
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun 260  
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds  
Drop'd fatness down ; as o'er the swelling mead,  
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.  
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart 265  
Was meekened, and he join'd his sullen joy.  
For music held the whole in perfect peace :  
Soft sigh'd the flute ; the tender voice was heard,  
Warbling the varied heart ; the woodlands round  
Apply'd their quire ; and winds and waters flow'd  
In consonance. Such were those prime of days. 270

But now those white unblemish'd minutes, whence  
The fabling poets took their golden age,  
Are found no more amid these iron times,  
These dregs of life ! Now the distemper'd mind 275  
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,  
Which forms the soul of happiness ; and all  
Is off the poise within : the passions all  
Have burst their bounds ; and reason half extinct,

Or

Or impotent, or else approving, sees 280  
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,  
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,  
And silent, settles into fell revenge.  
Base envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach. 285  
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,  
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.  
Even love itself is bitterness of soul,  
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;  
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more 290  
That noble wish, that never cloy'd desire,  
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone  
To bless the dearer object of its flame.  
Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,  
Of life impatient, into madness swells; 295  
Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours.  
These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,  
From ever-changing views of good and ill,  
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind  
With endless storm. Whence, deeply rankling, grows  
The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 301  
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;  
Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,  
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:  
At last, extinct each social feeling, fell 305  
And joyless inhumanity pervades

And

And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd  
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE, in old dusky time, a deluge came :  
When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd 310  
The central waters round, impetuous rush'd,  
With universal burst, into the gulph,  
And o'er the high pil'd hills of fractur'd earth  
Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast ;  
Till, from the center to the streaming clouds, 315  
A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe.

THE Seasons since have, with severer sway,  
Oppres'd a broken world : the Winter keen  
Shook forth his waste of snows ; and Summer shot  
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before, 320  
Green'd all the year ; and fruits and blossoms blush'd,  
In social sweetness, on the self-same bough.  
Pure was the temperate air ; an even calm  
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland  
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse : for then nor storms  
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage ; 326  
Sound slept the waters ; no sulphureous glooms  
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightning forth ;  
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,  
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life. 330  
But now, of turbid elements the sport,  
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,  
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,

Our

Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,  
Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

335

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies ;  
Tho' with the pure exhilarating soul  
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,  
Beyond the search of art, 'tis copious blest.  
For, with hot ravine fir'd, ensanguin'd man 340  
Is now become the lion of the plain,  
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
Fierce-drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,  
Nor wore her warming fleece : nor has the steer,  
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs, 345  
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high,  
With hunger stung and wild necessity,  
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
But *Man*, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,  
With every kind emotion in his heart, 350  
And taught alone to weep ; while from her lap  
She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain  
Or beams that gave them birth : shall he, fair form !  
Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on Heaven, 355  
E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd  
And dip his tongue in gore ? The beast of prey,  
Blood-stain'd deserves to bleed : but you, ye flocks,  
What have you done ; ye peaceful people, what,  
To merit death ? you, who have given us milk 360

In

In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat  
 Against the winter's cold ? and the plain ox,  
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
 In what has he offended ? He, whose toil,  
 Patient and ever ready, clothes the land 365  
 With all the pomp of harvest ; shall he bleed,  
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands  
 Even of the clown he feeds ? And that perhaps,  
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast,  
 Won by his labour ? Thus the feeling heart 370  
 Would tenderly suggest : but 'tis enough,  
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd  
 Light on the numbers of the *Samian* sage.  
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state 375  
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise.  
 Besides, who knows, how rais'd to higher life,  
 From stage to stage, the *vital scale ascends* ?

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away ; 380  
 And, whitening, down their mossy-tinclur'd stream  
 Descends the billowy foam : now is the time,  
 While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,  
 To tempt the trout. The well-disemb'ed fly,  
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring, 385  
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,  
 And all thy slender watry stores prepare.

But

But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,  
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds ;  
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,  
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch, 390  
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand.

WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun  
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,  
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair ;  
 Chief should the western breezes curling play, 395  
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.  
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;  
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,  
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave 400  
 Their little naiads love to sport at large.  
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank  
 Reverted plays in undulating flow, 405  
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly ;  
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,  
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
 Strait as above the surface of the flood  
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap, 410  
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook :  
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,

And

And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,  
With various hand proportion'd to their force.

If ye: too young, and easily deceiv'd, 415

A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,  
Him, piteous of his youth and the short space  
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,

Soft disengage, and back i' to the stream 419

The speckled infant throw. But should you lure  
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots  
Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,  
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.

Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly ;

And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft 425

The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.

At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
With fullen plunge. At once he darts along, 429  
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line ;  
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,

The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode ;  
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
That feels him still, yet to his furious course 435

Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage :  
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,  
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore 439  
You gaily drag ycur unresisting prize.

Thus

THUS pass the temperate hours : but when the sun  
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scattering clouds,  
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps ;  
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,  
 Where scatter'd wild the lily of the vale 445  
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang  
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,  
 With all the lowly children of the shade :  
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash, 449  
 Hung o'er the steep ; whence, borne on liquid wing,  
 The sounding culver shoots ; or where the hawk,  
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.  
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead  
 Thro' rural scenes ; such as the *Mantuan* swain  
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song. 455  
 Or catch thy self the landkip, gliding swift  
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye :  
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,  
 And lost in lonely musing, in a dream,  
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix 460  
 Ten thousand wandering images of things,  
 Soothe every gust of passion into peace ;  
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
 That waken, not disturb the tranquil mind. 464

BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the Muse  
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint

Like

Like Nature ? Can imagination boast,  
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers ?  
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
And lose them in each other, as appears 470  
In every bud that blows ? If fancy then  
Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,  
Ah what shall language do ? Ah where find words  
Ting'd with so many colours ; and whose power,  
To life approaching, may perfume my lays 475  
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales,  
That inexhaustive flow continual round ?

YET, tho' successless, will the toil delight.  
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts  
Have felt the raptures of refining love ; 480  
And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song !  
Form'd by the graces, loveliness itself !  
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,  
These looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart : 486  
Oh come ! and while the rosy-footed May  
Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
The morning-dews, and gather in their prime  
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,  
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets. 491

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
Irriuous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks

The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,  
Of growth luxuriant ; or the humid bank, 495  
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,  
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
Of blossom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boast  
A fuller gale of joy than, liberal, thence  
Breathes thro' the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.  
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot, 501  
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,  
The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild ;  
Where undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads  
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye. 505  
Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
In swarming millions, tend : around, athwart,  
Thro' the soft air, the busy nation's fly,  
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,  
Suck its pure essence, its ethereal soul : 519  
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
The purple heath, or where the wild-thyme grows,  
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

At length the finish'd garden to the view,  
Its vistas opens, and its alleys green. 545  
Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye  
Distracted wanders ; now the bowery walk  
Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps :  
Now meets the bending sky : the river now 550  
Dimpling

Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,  
The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.  
But why so far excursive? when at hand,  
Along these blushing borders, bright with dew, 525  
And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,  
Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace;  
Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;  
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes; 530  
The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;  
And lavish stock that scents the garden round.  
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd  
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves; 535  
And full ranunculas, of glowing red.  
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays  
Her idle freaks: from family diffus'd  
To family, as flies the father-dust,  
The varied colours run; and, while they break 540  
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,  
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,  
First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:  
Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,  
Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils, 545  
Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,  
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;

Nor

Nor broad carnations ; nor gay-spotted pinks ;  
 Nor, flower'd from every bush, the damask-rose,  
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,  
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom. 550

Hail, SOURCE OF BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL  
 Of Heaven and earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail !  
 To THEE I bend the knee ; to THEE my thoughts,  
 Continual, climb ; who, with a master-hand, 555  
 Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.  
 By THEE the various vegetative tribes,  
 Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,  
 Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew : 560  
 By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,  
 Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells  
 The juicy tide ; a twining mass of tubes.  
 At THY command the vernal sun awakes  
 The torpid sap, detru'd to the root 565  
 By wintry winds ; that now in fluent dance,  
 And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads  
 All this innumerable-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world  
 My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend, 570  
 My panting Muse ; and hark, how loud the woods  
 Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.  
 Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour

The mazy-running soul of melody  
 Into my varied verse! while I deduce, 575  
 From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,  
 The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
 Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the groves.*

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
 Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart 580  
 Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,  
 In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;  
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,  
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows  
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide, 585  
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
 In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,  
 Shrill voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;  
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts 590  
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush  
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,  
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush 595  
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng  
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length  
 Of notes; when listening *Philmela* deigns  
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
 Late, to make her night excel their day. 600

The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;  
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:  
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these  
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade 60  
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
 And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,  
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes  
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole. 61

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
 This waste of music is the voice of love;  
 That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts  
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind  
 Try every winning way inventive love 61  
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,  
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,  
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch  
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 62  
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem  
 Softening the least approvance to bestow,  
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,  
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,  
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach; 62  
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
 And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts; 630  
That NATURE's great command may be obey'd :  
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge  
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;  
Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635  
Commit their feeble offspring: The cleft tree  
Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
Others apart far in the grassy dale,  
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.  
But most in woodland solitudes delight, 641  
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,  
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645  
Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,  
They frame the first foundation of their domes;  
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought  
But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650  
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
Intent. And often, from the careless back  
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills 654

Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd,  
Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,  
Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,  
Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660  
Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her b'ows,  
Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
The tedious time away; or else supplies  
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits 665  
To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time  
With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,  
A helpless family, demanding food 670  
With constant clamour: O what passions then,  
What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
On the new parents seize! Away they fly  
Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
The most delicious morsel to their young; 675  
Which equally distributed, again  
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,  
By fortune funk, but form'd of generous mold,  
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
In some lone cott amid the distant woods, 680  
Sustain'd alone by providential HEAVEN,

Oft,

Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
Check their own appetites and give them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn: exalting love,  
By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd,  
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race, 636  
And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,  
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,  
Amid a neigbouring bush they silent drop,  
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690  
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head  
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels  
Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
In long excursion skims the level lawn,  
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,  
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste 696  
The heath-hen flutters, (pious fraud!) to lead  
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan  
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant Man 700  
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.  
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;  
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes, 705  
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.  
Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,

Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;  
 If on your bosom innocence can win,  
 Music engage, or piety persuade.

710

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament  
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd  
 To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,  
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715  
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;  
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce  
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;  
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings 720  
 Her sorrows thro' the night; and, on the bough,  
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall  
 Takes up again her lamentable strain  
 Of winding woe; till wide around the woods  
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

BUT now the feather'd youth their former bounds,  
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,  
 Demand the free possession of the sky:  
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730  
 Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.  
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,  
 With

With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes  
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735  
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,  
 Or wing, their range, and pasture. O'er the boughs  
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still,  
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740  
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly  
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
 Or push them off. The surging air receives  
 The plumy burden; and their self-taught wings  
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745  
 Alighted, bolder up again they lead,  
 Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;  
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power  
 Rouz'd into life and action, light in air  
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race, 750  
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,  
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
 On utmost \*Kilda's shore, whose lonely race  
 Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds, 755  
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,  
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.  
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,

\*The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

For ages, of his empire; which, in peace, 760  
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,  
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs, 765  
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,  
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,  
 I might the various polity survey  
 Of the mixt household kind. The careful hen  
 Calls all her chirping family around, 770  
 Fed and defended by the fearless cock;  
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,  
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,  
 Rows garrulous. The stately-failing swan 775  
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;  
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet  
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,  
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
 Loud-threatning, reddens; while the peacock spreads  
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun, 781  
 And swims in radiant majesty along.  
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove  
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls  
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck. 785

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade  
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world  
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,  
And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins  
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels. 790  
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays  
Luxuriant shoot; or thro' the mazy wood  
Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud 795  
Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.  
And oft, in jealous madning fancy wrapt,  
He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns  
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.  
Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins: 800  
Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,  
Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,  
And groaning deep th' impetuous battle mix:  
While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,  
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed, 806  
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,  
Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong;  
Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,  
And by the well-known joy to distant plains  
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away; 810  
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;  
And, neighing, on the aërial summit takes

Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves  
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,  
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream 815  
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force  
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

NOR undelighted by the boundless Spring  
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:  
 From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd, 820  
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.  
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing  
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind:  
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,  
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart, 825  
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,  
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme  
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,  
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,  
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf, 830  
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.  
 Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,  
 Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,  
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,  
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race 835  
 Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,  
 They start away, and sweep the mossy mound  
 That runs around the hill; the rampart once  
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,

When

## SPRING.

35

When disunited BRITAIN ever bled, 840  
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew  
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,  
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift the golden head;  
 And, o'er our labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,  
 Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world! 845

WHAT is this mighty *Breath*, ye curious, say,  
 That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,  
 Instructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breast  
 These arts of love diffuses? What, but GOD?  
 Inspiring GOD! who boundless Spirit all, 850  
 And unremitting Energy, pervades,  
 Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.  
 He ceaseless works alone; and yet alone  
 Seems not to work: with such perfection fram'd  
 Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855  
 But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye  
 Th' informing Author in his works appears:  
 Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes,  
 The SMILING GOD is seen; while water, earth,  
 And air attest his bounty; which exalts 860  
 The brute-creation to this finer thought,  
 And annual melts their undefining hearts.  
 Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,  
 And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man; 865

When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye  
To raise his being, and serene his soul.  
Can he forbear to join the general smile  
Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,  
While every gale is peace, and every grove 870  
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks  
Of flowing Spring, ye fordid sons of earth,  
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;  
Or only lavish to yourselves; away!  
But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought,  
Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns 876  
With warmest beam; and on your open front  
And liberal eye, fits, from his dark retreat  
Inviting modest Want. Nor, till invok'd  
Can restless goodness wait; your active search 880  
Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;  
Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprizing oft  
The lonely heart with unexpected good.  
For you the roving spirit of the wind  
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds  
Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world; 885  
And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,  
Ye flower of human race!—In these green days,  
Reviving Sickness lifts her languid head;  
Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts  
The whcls creation round. Contentment walks 890  
The sunny glade, and feels an inward bliss  
Spring o'er his mind, beynd the power of kings

To purchase. Pure serenity apace  
 Induces thought, and contemplation still,  
 By swift degrees the love of Nature works, 895  
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd  
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,  
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste  
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world!

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart, 900  
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,  
 O LYTTELTON, the friend! thy passions thus  
 And meditations vary, as at large,  
 Courting the Muse, thro' Hagley-Park thou strayest;  
 Thy *British Tempe!* There along the dale, 905  
 With woods o'er-hung, and shag'd with mossy rocks,  
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,  
 Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees,  
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade 910  
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careless hand,  
 And pensive listen to the various voice  
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,  
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,  
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots 916  
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
 On the sooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,  
 You wander thro' the philosophic world;

Where

Where in bright train continual wonders rise, 920  
Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
And oft, conducted by historic truth,  
You tread the long extent of backward time:  
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,  
And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage, 925  
BRITANNIA's weal; how from the venal gulph  
To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.  
Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts  
The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd,  
You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song; 930  
Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.  
Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,  
With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all  
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;  
And all the tumult of a guilty world, 935  
Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.  
The tender heart is animated peace;  
And as it pours its copious treasures forth,  
In varied converse, softening every theme,  
You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes, 940  
Where meeken'd sense, and amiable grace,  
And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink  
That nameles spirit of ethereal joy,  
Inimitable happiness! which love,  
Alone, bestows, and on a *favour'd few.* 945  
Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow  
The bursting prospect spreads immense around:

And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,  
 And verdant field, and darkening heath between,  
 And villages embosom'd soft in trees, 950  
 And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd  
 Of household smoak, your eye excursive roams :  
 Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt  
 The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still,  
 To where the broken landskip, by degrees, 955  
 Ascending, roughens into rigid hills ;  
 O'er which the *Cambrian* mountains, like far clouds  
 That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year,  
 Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom 960  
 Shoots, less and less, the live carnation round ;  
 Her lips blush deeper sweets ; she breathes of youth :  
 The shining moisture swells into her eyes,  
 In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves,  
 With palpitations wild ; kind tumults seize 965  
 Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.  
 From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
 Full of the dear exstatic power, and sick  
 With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair !  
 Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts : 970  
 Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,  
 Down-cast, and low, in meek submission drest,  
 But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
 Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth,

Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower, 975  
 Where woodbirds flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
 While Evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
 Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love,  
 Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late, 980  
 When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.  
 Then wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
 Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,  
 Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss,  
 Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;  
 Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye, 986  
 Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,  
 Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:  
 And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear,  
 Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on 990  
 To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

EVEN present, in the very lap of love  
 Inglorious laid; while music flows around,  
 Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;  
 Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears 995  
 Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang  
 Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,  
 And great design, against the oppressive load  
 Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.

BUT absent, what fantastic woes, arrous'd, 1000  
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?  
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs.

'Tis nought but gloom around: The darken'd sun  
Loses his light. The rosy-bosom'd Spring 1006  
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

All Nature fades extinct; and she alone  
Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought, 1010  
Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;  
And sad amid the social band he sits,  
Lonely, and unattentive. From the tongue  
Th' unfinish'd period falls: while borne away, 1015  
On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies  
To the vain bosom of his distant fair;  
And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd  
In melancholy site, with head declin'd,

And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts, 1020  
Shok from his tender trance, and restless runs  
To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;  
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,  
Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk  
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost, 1025  
In lulling all to love: or on the bank

Thrown,

Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze  
With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears.  
Thus in soft anguish he consumes the day,  
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the Moon 1030  
Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,  
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train  
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,  
Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,  
With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve 1035  
To mingle woes with his: or while the world  
And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,  
Associates with the midnight shadows drear;  
And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours  
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page, 1040  
Meant for the moving messenger of love;  
Where rapture burns on rapture, every line  
With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed  
Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies.  
All night he tosses, nor the balmy power 1045  
In any posture finds; till the grey morn  
Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps  
Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest,  
Still interrupted by distracted dreams, 1050  
That o'er the sick imagination rise,  
And in black colours paint the mimic scene.  
Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;  
Sometimes in clouds distress'd; or if retir'd

To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers, 1055  
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,  
Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,  
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,  
Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths 1060  
With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,  
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades  
The turbid stream below, and strives to reach  
The farther shore; where succourless, and sad, 1065  
She with extended arms his aid implores;  
But strives in vain: borne by th' outragious flood  
To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks.  
These are the charming agonies of love, 1070  
Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart  
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
Tis then delightful misery no more,  
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,  
Corroding every thought, and blasting all 1075  
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,  
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,  
Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague  
Internal vision taints, and in a night 1080  
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.

Ah then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,  
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes  
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed;  
Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire; 108;  
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,  
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,  
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears  
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views  
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms 1090  
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.  
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,  
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours, 1095  
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,  
Her first endearments, twining round the soul,  
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.  
Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew, 1100  
Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins;  
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:  
For even the sad assurance of his fears—  
Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,  
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,  
Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life 1105  
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;  
His brightest aims extinguish'd all, and all  
His lively moments running down to waste.

But happy they ! the happiest of their kind !  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate 1110  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love ; 1115  
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,  
With boundless confidence : for nought but love 1120  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
To bless himself, from sordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,  
Well-merited, consume his nights and days : 1125  
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
Wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;  
Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven  
Exclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd  
Of a meer, lifeless, violated form : 1130  
While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
Abjuring fear. What is the world to them,  
Pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all !  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair 1135

High

High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;  
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;  
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,  
 The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN. 1140

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,  
 And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
 'The human blossom blows ; and every day,  
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,  
 'The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom. 1145

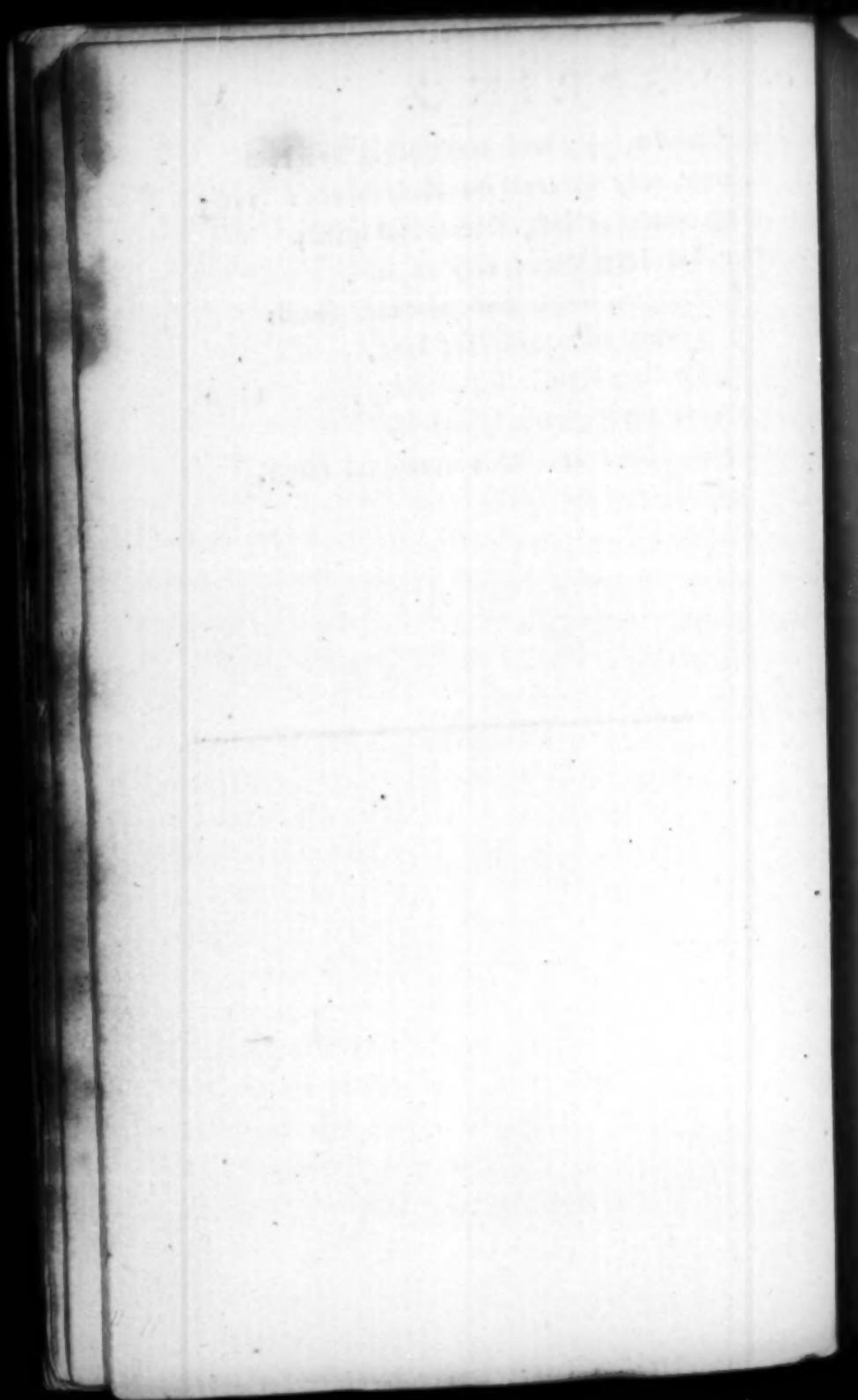
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls  
 For the kind hand of an assiduous care.  
 Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,  
 'To teach the young idea how to shoot,  
 'To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind, 1150

'To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix  
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.  
 Oh speak the joy ! ye, whom the sudden tear  
 Surprises often, while you look around,  
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss, 1155

All various Nature pressing on the heart :  
 An elegant sufficiency, content,  
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,  
 Ease and alternate labour, useful life,  
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN. 1160

These are the matchless joys of virtuous love ;  
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,  
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,

Will find them happy; and consenting SPRING  
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads: 1165  
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;  
When after the long vernal day of life,  
Innamour'd more, as more remembrance swells  
With many a proof of recollected love,  
Together down they sink in social sleep; 1170  
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly  
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.



S U M M E R.

## The ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODDINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the seasons. As the face of Nature in this season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the sun. Forenoon. Summer insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.

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# S U M M E R.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,  
 Child of the sun, resplendent SUMMER comes,  
 In pride of youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth :  
 He comes attended by the sultry *hours*,  
 And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way ; 5  
 While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING  
 Averts her blushing face ; and earth, and skies,  
 All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,  
 Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom ;  
 And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink 11  
 Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
 Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
 And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, *Inspiration* ! from thy hermit-seat, 15  
 By mortal seldom found : may Fancy dare,  
 From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance

Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look  
 Creative of the Poet, every power  
 Exalting to an ecstacy of soul. 20

AND thou, my youthful muse's early friend,  
 In whom the human graces all unite:  
 Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;  
 Genius, and wisdom; the gay social sense,  
 By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit, 25  
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;  
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,  
 For BRITAIN's glory, Liberty, and Man:  
 O DODINGTON! attend my rural song,  
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line, 30  
 And teach me to deserve thy just applause.

WITH what an awful world-revolving power,  
 Were first th' unwieldly planets launch'd along  
 Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,  
 Amid the flux of many thousand years, 35  
 That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,  
 And all their labou'rd monuments away,  
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;  
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,  
 And of the seasons ever stealing round, 40  
 Minutely faithful: Such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND;  
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady whole.

WHEN now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,  
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,  
Short is the doubtful empire of the night ;  
And soon, observant of approaching day, 45  
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, Mother of dews,  
At first faint-gleaming in the dappled east :  
Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow ;  
And, from before the lustre of her face, 49  
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,  
Brown Night retires : Young Day pours in apace,  
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top  
Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.  
Blue thro' the dusk, the smoaking currents shine ; 55  
And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
Limps, awkward : while along the forest-glad  
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze,  
At early passenger. Music awakes  
The native voice of undissembled joy ; 60  
And thick around the woodland hymns arise.  
Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
His mossy cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells ;  
And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn. 65

FALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake ;  
And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy

The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
To meditation due and sacred song?  
For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise? 70  
To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
The fleeting moments of too short a life?  
Total extinction of th' enlightened soul!  
Or else to feverish vanity alive,  
Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams? 75  
Who would in such a gloomy state remain,  
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse  
And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk?

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day, 80  
Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
Betoken glad. Lo! now apparent all,  
Aflant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air, 85  
He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays  
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,  
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!  
Of all material beings first, and best! 90  
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!  
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!

Soul of surrounding worlds ! in whom best seen  
Shines out thy Maker ! may I sing of thee ? 95

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
Thy System rolls entire : from the far bourne  
Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round  
Of thirty years ; to *Mercury*, whose disk 105  
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary train !  
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs  
Were brute unlovely mafs, inert and dead, 105  
And not as now the green abodes of life ;  
How many forms of being wait on thee !  
Inhaling spirit ; from th' unfetter'd mind,  
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race,  
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam. 110

THE vegetable world is also thine,  
Parent of *Seasons* ! who the pomp precede  
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain,  
Annual, along the bright ecliptic-road,  
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime. 115  
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay  
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up

A common hymn : while, round thy beaming ear,  
 High-seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance  
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,  
 The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*, 120  
 Of bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,  
 And softened into joy the surly *Storms*.

These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,  
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,  
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits ; till, kindling at thy touch,  
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year. 126

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,  
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
 Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd :  
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep, 130  
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.  
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines ;  
 Hence Labour draws his tools ; hence burnish'd War  
 Gleams on the day ; the nobler works of Peace  
 Hence blest mankind, and generous Commerce binds  
 The round of nations in a golden chain. 136

Th' unfruitful rock itself impregn'd by thee,  
 In dark retirement, forms the lucid stone.  
 The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,  
 Collected light, compact ; that polish'd bright, 140  
 And all its native lustre let abroad,  
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-ones breast,

With

With vain ambition emulate her eyes.  
 At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,  
 And with a waving radiance inward flames. 145  
 From thee the Saphire, solid ether, takes  
 Its hue cerulean ; and, of evening tint,  
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.  
 With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.  
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring, 150  
 When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
 Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,  
 Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams ;  
 Or, flying several from its surface, form  
 A trembling variance of revolving hues, 155  
 As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch,  
 Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,  
 In brighter mazes, the relucent stream  
 Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt, 160  
 Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,  
 Softens at thy return. The desart joys  
 Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.  
 Rude ruins glitter ; and the briny deep,  
 Seen from some pointed promontory's top, 165  
 Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
 Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,  
 And all the much-transported Muse can sing,  
 Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,

Unequal far; great delegated source  
170  
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of **HIM**,  
Who, **LIGHT HIMSELF**, in uncreated light  
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken; 175  
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaven,  
That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky;  
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,  
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening reel  
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again. 181

AND yet was every faltering tongue of Man,  
**ALMIGHTY FATHER!** silent in thy praise;  
Thy Works themselves would raise a general voice,  
Even in the depth of solitary woods 185  
By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,  
And to the quire celestial **THEE** resound,  
Th' eternal cause, support, and end of all!

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;  
And to peruse its all-instructing page, 190  
Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,  
My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms

Penfive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

195

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,  
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills  
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd  
The face of Nature shines, from where earth seems  
Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere. 201

HALF in a blush of clustering roses lost,  
Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires;  
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,  
By gelid founts and careless rills to muse: 205  
While tyrant *Heat*, dispredding thro' the sky,  
With rapid sway, his burning influence darts  
On Man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

WHO can unpitying see the flowery race,  
Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,  
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair, 211  
When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.  
But one, the lofty follower of the sun,  
Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,  
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns, 215  
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

HOME, from his morning task, the swain retreats;  
His flock before him stepping to the fold :  
While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
The chearful cottage, then expecting food, 220  
The food of innocence, and health! The daw,  
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks  
(That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
Sheltering, embrace) direct their lazy flight;  
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,  
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise. 226  
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene;  
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,  
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,  
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his slumbers one 230  
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
O'er hill and dale; till waken'd by the wasp,  
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain  
To let the little noisy summer-race  
Live in her lay, and flutter thro' her song: 235  
Not mean tho' simple; to the sun ally'd,  
From him they draw their animating fire.

WAK'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young  
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,  
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink, 240  
And secrer corner, where they slept away  
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs,

To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,  
 Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues  
 Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose. 245  
 Ten thousand forms! Ten thousand different tribes!  
 People the blaze. To sunny waters some  
 By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool  
 They, sportive, wheel; or, sailing down the stream,  
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout, 250  
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade  
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,  
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make  
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,  
 And every latent herb: for the sweet task, 255  
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,  
 In what soft beds, their young yet undispos'd,  
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;  
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese: 260  
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
 They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,  
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves  
 A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd, 265  
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,  
 Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled heap  
 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,  
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.

Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft 272  
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;  
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,  
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;  
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,  
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing, 276  
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,  
 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground:  
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,  
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon; 280  
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,  
 With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade  
 Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook,

GRADUAL, from these what numerous kinds descend,  
 Evading even the microscopic eye! 285  
 Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass  
 Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,  
 Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN  
 Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,  
 In putrid steams, emits the living cloud 290  
 Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,  
 Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way,  
 Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf  
 Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,  
 Within its winding citadel, the stone 295

Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,  
 That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,  
 The downy orchard, and the melting pulp  
 Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed  
 Of evanescent insects. Where the pool 300  
 Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,  
 Amid the floating verdure millions stray.  
 Each liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,  
 Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,  
 With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream 305  
 Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,  
 Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems,  
 Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd  
 By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape  
 The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds 310  
 In worlds inclos'd should on his senses burst,  
 From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,  
 He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,  
 When silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise.

LET no presuming impious railer tax 315  
 CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd  
 In vain, or not for admirable ends.  
 Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
 His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
 Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind? 320  
 As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,  
 On swelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!

A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
 An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
 Should dare to tax the structure of the whole. 325  
 And lives the Man, whose universal eye  
 Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things;  
 Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,  
 As with unfaltering accent to conclude  
 That *This* availeth nought? Has any seen 330  
 The mighty chain of beings, lessening down  
 From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink  
 Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyss!  
 From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?  
 Till then alone let zealous praise ascend, 335  
 And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,  
 Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds,  
 As on our smiling eyes his servant-sun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
 Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,  
 The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd, 341  
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.  
 Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass  
 An idle summer-life in fortune's shire,  
 A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on 345  
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;  
 Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes  
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:  
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil, 350  
Healthful, and strong; full as the summer-rose  
Blown by prevailing suns, the ruddy maid,  
Half naked, swelling on the bight, and all  
Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
Even stooping age is here; and infant-hands 355  
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.  
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row  
Advancing broad; or wheeling round the field,  
They spread the breathing harvest to the sun, 360  
That throws refreshful round a rural smell:  
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,  
In order gay. While heard from dale to dale, 365  
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

341  
y.  
ays,  
v'd,  
345  
y.  
Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,  
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook 370  
Forms a deep pool: this bank abrupt and high,  
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.  
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
The clamour much of men, and boys, and dogs,

Ere the soft fearful people to the flood 375  
 Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,  
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in :  
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,  
 Fast, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
 And panting labour to the farthest shore. 380  
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece  
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt  
 The trout is banish'd by the sordid stream;  
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow  
 Slow move the harmless race : where, as they spread  
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray, 386  
 Only disturb'd, and wondering what this wild  
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
 The country fill ; and, toss'd from rock to rock,  
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills. 390  
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks  
 Are in the wattled pen innumEROUS press'd,  
 Head above head ; and, rang'd in lusty rows  
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores, 395  
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.  
 One, chief, in gracious dignity inthron'd,  
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king ;  
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls 400  
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace : Some

Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
 Deep on the new-shorn vagrant's heaving side,  
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand; 405  
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along,  
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy  
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.  
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,  
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord, 410  
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!  
 What softness in its melancholy face,  
 What dumb complaining innocence appears!  
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife  
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd; 415  
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,  
 Who having now, to pay his annual care,  
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees 420  
 Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands  
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,  
 The treasures of the Sun without his rage:  
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,  
 Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence 425  
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,  
 Impending hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled coast;  
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun  
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays. 430  
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all  
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.  
 In vain the fighted, dejected to the ground,  
 Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams 435  
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root  
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields  
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,  
 Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the Soul.  
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound 440  
 Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps  
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;  
 And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard  
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.  
 The very streams look languid from afar; 445  
 Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem  
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

ALL-CONQUERING Heat, oh intermit thy wrath!  
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
 Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow, 450  
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,  
 And restless turn, and look around for Night;  
 Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.

Thrice

Thrice happy he ! who on the sunless side 455  
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,  
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines :  
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,  
 Sits coolly calm ; while all the world without, 460  
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.  
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man,  
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,  
 And every passion aply harmoniz'd,  
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd. 465

WELCOME, ye shades ! ye bowery thickets, hail !  
 Ye lofty pines ! ye venerable oaks !  
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep !  
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,  
 As to the hunted hart the sallying spring, 470  
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides  
 Leaves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.  
 Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides ;  
 The heart beats glad ; the fresh-expanded eye  
 And ear resume their watch ; the finews knit ; 475  
 And life shoots swift thro' all the lighten'd limbs.

480 AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purls along  
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,  
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now 485

Gently

Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain ;  
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose,  
 Rural confusion ! On the grassy bank  
 'Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip      485  
 The circling surface. In the middle droops  
 The strong laborious ox, of honest front,  
 Which incompos'd he shakes ; and from his sides  
 The troubrous insects lashes with his tail,  
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,      490  
 Slumbers the monarch-swain ; his careles arm  
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd ;  
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd ;  
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

LIGHT fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight 495  
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd ;  
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook,  
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,  
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,  
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon ;      500  
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan  
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

OFT in this season too the horse, provok'd,  
 While his big sinews full of spirits swell,  
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,      505  
 Springs the high fence ; and, o'er the field effus'd

Darts on the gloomy flood, with steadfast eye,  
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,  
Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!  
485 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;  
He takes the river at redoubled draughts; 511  
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

es      STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth  
490      Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:  
That, forming high in air a woodland quire, 515  
in'd;      Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
'd:      solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,  
and all is awful listening gloom around.

ht 495      THESE are the haunts of Meditation, these  
k,      the scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,  
n,      extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd, - 521  
plain,      convers'd with angels, and immortal forms,  
500      on gracious errands bent: to save the fall  
w moan,      of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;  
hills.      waking whispers, and repeated dreams, 525  
c'd,      hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul  
od, 505      of future trials fated to prepare;  
d effus'd,      prompt the poet, who devoted gives  
Dante      muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs  
ckward to mingle in detested war,  
foremost when engag'd) to turn the death;

And

And numberless such offices of love,  
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky, 53  
A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel  
A sacred terror, a severe delight,  
Creep thro' my mortal frame ; and thus, methinks,  
A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear 54  
Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,  
" Poor kindred Man ! thy fellow-creatures, we  
" From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,  
" The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit,  
" Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life, 54  
" Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,  
" Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
" Then fear not us ; but with responsive song,  
" Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd  
" By noisy folly and discordant vice,  
" Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's GOD.  
" Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
" When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,  
" Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
" And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd b 55  
" The deepening dale, or inmost silvan glade:  
" A privilege bestow'd by us, alone,

“ On Contemplation, or the hallow’d ear  
 “ Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain.”

560

AND art thou, \* STANLEY, of that sacred band?  
 Alas, for us too soon!—Tho’ rais’d above  
 The reach of human pain, above the flight  
 Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray  
 Of sadly pleas’d remembrance, must thou feel 565  
 A mother’s love, a mother’s tender woe:  
 Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;  
 Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,  
 Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense  
 Inspir’d: where moral wisdom mildly shone, 570  
 Without the toil of art; and virtue glow’d,  
 In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.  
 But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;  
 Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay  
 The tears of grateful joy, who for a while 575  
 Sent thee this younger self, this opening bloom  
 Of thy enlighten’d mind and gentle worth.  
 Believe the Muse: the wintry blast of death  
 Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,  
 Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns, 580  
 Thro’ endless ages, into higher powers.

THUS up the mount, in airy vision rapt,  
 stray, regardless whither; till the sound

\* A young lady, well known to the author, who died  
 the age of eighteen, in the year 1738.

Of a near fall of water every sense  
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking bair  
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene. 586

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood  
 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,  
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad; 591  
 'Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,  
 And from the loud-refounding rocks below  
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it sends aloft  
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower. 595  
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:  
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,  
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now  
 Aflant the hollowed channel rapid darts;  
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope, 600  
 With wild inflected course, and lessened roar,  
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,  
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

— INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow  
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars, 605  
 With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;  
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,  
 Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,  
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,

Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower 610  
Responsive, force an interrupted strain.

The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,  
Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
Short interval of weary woe! again

The sad idea of his murder'd mate, 615  
Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,  
Across his fancy comes; and then resounds  
A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit,  
All in the freshness of the humid air; 620  
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,  
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head  
By flowering umbrage shaded; where the bee  
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm  
Of fragrant wood-bine loads his little thigh. 625

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,  
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,  
Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight,  
And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone*:  
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd, 630  
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,  
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky  
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze

Looks gayly fierce o'er all the dazzling air: 635  
 He mounts his throne; but kind before him sends,  
 Issuing from out the portals of the morn,  
 The \*general Breeze, 'to mitigate his fire,  
 And breathe refreshment on a fainting world. 639  
 Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd  
 And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,  
 Returning suns and † double seasons pass:  
 Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,  
 That on the high equator ridgy rise,  
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:  
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green, 646  
 Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills;  
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,  
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.  
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown, 650  
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods  
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven  
 Their thorny stems, and broad around them throw  
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,  
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste 655  
 And

\* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

† In all places between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year perpendicular, which produces this effect.

And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,  
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales,  
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats  
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

BEAR me, *Pomona!* to thy citron groves; 660  
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
 With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,  
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd  
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,  
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit, 655  
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,  
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,  
 Embowering endless, of the *Indian* fig;  
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd, 660  
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.  
 Oftstretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,  
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,  
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine! 665  
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice  
 Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs  
 Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;  
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race  
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells 670  
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.  
 Witness, thou best *Anâna*, thou the pride

Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:  
 Quick, let me strip thee of thy tusty coat, 675  
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with Jove!

From these the prospect varies. Plains immense  
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads, 680  
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,  
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.  
 Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,  
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,  
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand  
 Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift 686  
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,  
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,  
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.  
 Along these lonely regions, where retir'd, 690  
 From little scenes of art, great *Nature* dwells  
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen  
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,  
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas:  
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd, 695  
 Like a fallen cedar, far diffus'd his train,  
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.  
 The flood disparts: behold! in plaited-mail,  
 \*Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side, 700  
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies:

\* *The Hippopotamus, or river-berse.*

He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills ;  
 Where, as he crops his vary'd fare, the herds,  
 In widening circle round, forget their food,  
 And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast 705  
 Their ample shade o'er *Niger's* yellow stream,  
 And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave ;  
 Or mid the central depth of blackning woods,  
 High-rais'd in solemn theater around,  
 Leans the huge elephant : wisest of brutes ! 710  
 O truly wise ! with gentle might endow'd,  
 Tho' powerful, not destructive ! Here he sees  
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
 And empires rise and fall ; regardless he  
 Of what the never-resting race of Men 715  
 Project : thrice happy ! could he scape their guile,  
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps ;  
 Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,  
 The pride of kings ! or else his strength pervert,  
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray, 720  
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,  
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,  
 Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,  
 That with a sportive vanity has deck'd 725  
 The plamy nations, there her gayest hues

Profusely pours. \* But, if she bids them shine,  
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,  
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song.

Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent  
Proud Montezuma's realm, whose legions cast  
A boundless radiance waving on the sun,  
While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,  
Thro' the soft silence of the listening night,  
The sober-suited songstress trill's her lay.

730

735

BUT come, my *Muse*, the desert-barrier burst,  
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:  
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,  
Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb  
The *Nubian* mountains, and the secret bounds 740  
Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.

Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask  
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;  
No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming *Heaven*,  
With consecrated steel to stab their peace, 745  
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,  
To spread the purple tyranny of *Rome*.

Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,  
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,  
From jasmine grove to grove, may'st wander gay,  
Thro'

\* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds,  
the more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to  
be less melodious than ours.

Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods, 751  
 That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,  
 And up the more than Alpine mountains wave,  
 There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,  
 For many a league; or on stupendous rocks, 755  
 That from the sun-redoubling valley lift,  
 Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;  
 Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;  
 And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;  
 And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks  
 Securely stray; a world within itself, 761  
 Disdaining all assault: there let me draw  
 Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,  
 Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,  
 And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear 765  
 The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep  
 From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;  
 And o'er the varied landskip, restless, rove,  
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind:  
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes 770  
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,  
 The sun, oppress'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom.  
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round, 775  
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.  
 For to the hot equator crowding fast,

Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air  
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll,  
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd; 780  
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,  
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and slow,  
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.  
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd  
 Around the cold aerial mountain's brow, 785  
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,  
 The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:  
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;  
 Till, in the furious elemental war  
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass 790  
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search  
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,  
 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling *Nile*.  
 From his two springs, in *Gojam's* sunny realm, 795  
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake  
 Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant-stream.  
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away  
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles,  
 That with unfading verdure smile around. 800  
 Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;  
 And gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
 With all the mellowed treasures of the sky,  
 Winds in progressive majesty along:

Thro'

Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,  
 Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts 806  
 Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit  
 The joyless desert, down the *Nubian* rocks  
 From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,  
 And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave. 810

His brother *Niger* too, and all the floods  
 In which the full-form'd maids of *Afric* lave  
 Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract  
 Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*  
 Fall on *Cormandel's* coast, or *Malabar*; 815  
 From \* *Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines  
 With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds  
 On *Indus'* smiling banks the rosy shower:  
 All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,  
 And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land. 820

Nor less thy world, *COLUMBUS*, drinks, refresh'd  
 The lavish moisture of the melting year.  
 Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Oronoque*  
 Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives  
 To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees, 825  
 At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.  
 Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd

\* The river that runs thro' Siam; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called Fire-flies make a beautiful appearance in the night.

From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends  
 The mighty \* *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse  
 Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass 830  
 Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt  
 The sea-like *Plata*; to whose dread expanse,  
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,  
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,  
 In silent dignity they sweep along, 835  
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,  
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,  
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,  
 Unseen, and unenjoyed. Forsaking these,  
 O'er peopled plains they fair-dissusive flow, 840  
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,  
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;  
 The seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd  
 By christian crimes and *Europe's* cruel sons.  
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep, 845  
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,  
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;  
 And ocean trembles for his green domain.

BUT what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?  
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss? 850  
 This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,  
 Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain?  
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,

What

\* The river of the *Amazons*.

What their unplanted fruits? What the cool draughts,  
Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health, 855  
Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,  
Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?  
Ah! what avail their fatal treasures, hid  
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,  
Golconda's gems, and sad *Potosi*'s mines; 860  
Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?  
What all that *Afric*'s golden rivers rowl,  
Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?  
Ill-fated race! the softening arts of Peace,  
Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach; 865  
The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;  
Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;  
Investigation ca'm, whose silent powers  
Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN;  
Kind equal rule, the government of Laws, 870  
And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone  
Sustains the name and dignity of Man:  
These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself  
Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize;  
And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom 875  
Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,  
And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,  
Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,  
Their servid spirit fires. Love dwells not there,  
The soft regards, the tenderness of life, 880  
The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight

Of sweet humanity: these court the beam  
Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,  
And the wild fury of voluptuous sense,  
There lost. The very brute-creation there 885  
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,  
Which when Imagination fears to tread,  
At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train  
In orbs immense, then, darting out anew, 890  
Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,  
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,  
And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls  
His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd,  
Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands, 895  
Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,  
The small close-lurking minister of fate,  
Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins  
A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift  
The vital current. Form'd to humble Man, 900  
This child of vengeful Nature! There, sublim'd  
To fearless lust of blood, the savage race  
Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,  
And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut  
His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce, 905  
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:  
The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er  
With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;

And,

And, scorning all the taming arts of Man,  
The keen hyena, fellest of the fell. 910

These, rustling from th' inhospitable woods  
Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted isles,  
That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* wild,  
Innumerable glare around their shaggy king,  
Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand; 915  
And, with imperious and repeated roars,  
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks  
Croud near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,  
Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease,  
They ruminating lie, with horror hear 920  
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;  
And to her fluttering breast the mother strains  
Her thoughtless infant. From the *Pyrate's* den,  
Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant fang escap'd,  
The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again: 925  
While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,  
From *Atlas* eastward to the frighted *Nile*.

UNHAPPY he! who from the first of joys,  
Society, cut off, is left alone  
Amid this world of death. Day after day, 930  
Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
And views the main that ever toils below;  
Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,  
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,  
Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds;

At

At evening, to the setting sun he turns 936  
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart  
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,  
 And hiss continual thro' the tedious night.  
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes 940  
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,  
 And guilty *Cæsar*, **LIBERTY** retir'd,  
 Her **CATO** following thro' *Numidian* wilds;  
 Disdainful of *Campania*'s gentle plains,  
 And all the green delights *Ausonia* pours; 945  
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,  
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

NOR stop the terrors of those regions here.  
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,  
 Let loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot, 950  
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,  
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,  
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites  
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,  
 Son of the desert! even the camel feels, 955  
 Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.  
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,  
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,  
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:  
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come; 960  
 Till with the general all-involving storm  
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;

And

And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,  
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,  
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan 965  
 Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded streets,  
 Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
 And Mecca saddens at the long delay.

BUT chief at sea, whose every flexile wave  
 Obey's the blast, the aerial tumuk swells. 970  
 In the dread ocean, undulating wide,  
 Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,  
 The circling \* Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,  
 Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,  
 And dire \* Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens, 975  
 Fairly serene, deep in a cloudy † speck  
 Compress'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells:  
 Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,  
 Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs  
 Aloft, or on the promontory's brow 980  
 Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,  
 A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,  
 To tempt the spreading sail. Then down at once,  
 Precipitant, descends a mingled mass  
 Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.

In

960 \* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular storms  
 or hurricanes known only between the tropics.

† Called by sailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance  
 at first no bigger.

In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands. 986  
 Art is too slow: By rapid fate oppres'd,  
 His broad-wing'd vessel drinks the whelming tide,  
 Lid in the bosom of the black abyss.  
 With such mad seas the daring \* **GAMA** fought,  
 For many a day, and many a dreadful night, 991  
 Incessant, lab'ring round the *stormy Cape*;  
 By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst  
 Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd  
 The rising world of trade: the *Genius*, then, 995  
 Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,  
 Had slumber'd on the vast Atlantic deep,  
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last  
 The † **LUSITANIAN PRINCE**; who, **HEAV'N**-inspir'd  
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind, 1000  
 And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.

INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,  
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,  
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent  
 Of steaming crouds, of rank disease, and death,  
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood, 1006  
 Swift

\* **VASCO DE GAMA**, the first who sailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good-Hope, to the East-Indies.

† **DON HENRY**, third son to John the first, king of Portugal. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the chief source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;  
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,  
Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her sons,  
Demands his share of prey; demands themselves. 1010  
The stormy fates descend: one death involves  
Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled limbs  
Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas  
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains 1015  
Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,  
And draws the copious steam: from swampy fens,  
Where putrefaction into life ferments,  
And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods,  
Impenetrable shades, recesses foul, 1020  
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,  
Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth  
Walks the dire *Power* of pestilent disease.  
A thousand hideous fiends her course attend, 1025  
Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
And feeble desolation, casting down  
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.  
Such as, of late, at *Cartagena* quench'd  
The BRITISH fire. You, gallant *VERNON*, saw 1030  
The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw,  
To infant-weakness sunk the warrior's arm;  
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,

The

The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye  
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans  
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore; 1036  
 Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,  
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd,  
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,  
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand. 1040

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,  
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,  
 The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,  
 Descends? \* From *Ethiopia's* poisoned woods,  
 From stifled *Cairo's* filth, and fetid fields 1045  
 With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,  
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage  
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,  
 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,  
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death; 1050  
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,  
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd  
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,  
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,  
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand 1055  
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop  
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,

And

\* *These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in DOCTOR MEAD's elegant book on that Subject.*

And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.  
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;  
Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd 1060  
The cheerful haunt of Men: unless escap'd  
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,  
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,  
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to heaven  
Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns, 1065  
Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,  
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge  
Fearing to turn, abhors society:  
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,  
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie, 1070  
The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.  
But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,  
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;  
And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs  
They fall, unblest, unintended, and unmourn'd. 1075  
Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair  
Extends her raven wing; while, to compleat  
The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,  
The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,  
And give the flying wretch a better death. 1080

MUCH yet remains unsung: the rage intense  
Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,  
Where drought and famine starve the blasted year,  
Stir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,

Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame ; 1085  
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,  
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes  
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,  
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.  
 But 'tis enough ; return, my vagrant Muse : 1090  
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove  
 Unusual darkness broods ; and growing gains  
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd  
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds, 1095  
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
 Thence Nitre, Sulphur, and the fiery spume  
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,  
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,  
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud, 1100  
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,  
 Ferment ; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,  
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,  
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns, 1105  
 Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound  
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.  
 Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aërial tribes 1110  
 Descend : the tempest-loving raven scarce

Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
 Cast a deplored eye; by Man forsook,  
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast, 1115  
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

95  
 'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:  
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud; 112  
 And following flower, in explosion vast,  
 The Thunder raises his tremendous voice,  
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind, 1125  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The noise astounds: till over head a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,  
 And opens wider; shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze. 1130  
 Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal  
 Rush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

1100  
 , 1105  
 ound  
 or,   
 flood,  
 .  
 1110  
 Dares  
 DOWN comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
 prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds, 1135  
 our a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
 'n unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
 jagged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,

And

And fires the mountains with redoubled rage. 113  
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine  
 Stands a sad shattered trunk ; and, stretch'd below,  
 A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie.

Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look  
 They wore alive, and ruminating still  
 In fancy's eye ; and there the frowning bull, 114  
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,  
 The venerable tower and spiry fane  
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods  
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,  
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.

Amid *Carnarwon's* mountains rages loud 115  
 The repercussive roar : with mighty crush,  
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks  
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,  
 Tumble the smitten cliffs ; and *Snowden's* peak, 116  
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.

Far-seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,  
 And *Tbule* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

**GUILT** hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thou-  
 And yet not always on the guilty head 117  
 Descends the fated flash. Young **CELADON**  
 And his **AMELIA** were a matchless pair ;  
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :

Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn, 1165  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd: But such their guileless passion was,  
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.

'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish, 1170  
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;  
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades, 1175  
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour, 1180  
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,  
 While, with each other blest, creative love  
 Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.

Heavy with instant fate her bosom heav'd 1185  
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look  
 Of the big gloom on **CELADON** her eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.  
 In vain assuring love, and confidence 1189  
 In **HEAVEN**, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook

Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd  
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look  
On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,  
" Sweet innocence! thou stranger to offence, 1195  
" And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves  
" In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
" With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
" That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour  
" Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice, 1200  
" Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,  
" With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
" 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
" To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace, 1204  
(Mysterious Heaven!) that moment, to the ground,  
A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,  
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!  
So, faint resemblance, on the marble tomb, 1212  
The well-dismembled mourner stooping stands,  
For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shatter'd clouds  
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky  
Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands 1215  
A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,  
Shines out afresh; and thro' the lightened air

A high-

A higher lustre and a clearer calm,  
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign  
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy, 1220  
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,  
 Invests the fields, yet dropping from distress.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,  
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale. 1225  
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,  
 Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate  
 Should lead the chorus of this lower world?  
 Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand  
 That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky, 1230  
 Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,  
 That fense of powers exceeding far his own,  
 Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

CHEAR'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth  
 Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth  
 A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands 1236  
 Gazing th' inverted landskip, half afraid  
 To meditate the blue profound below;  
 Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
 His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek 1240  
 Instant emerge; and thro' th' obedient wave,  
 At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,  
 With arms and legs according well, he makes,

As humour leads, an easy-winding path;  
 While, from his polish'd fides, a dewy light 1245  
 Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

THIS is the purest exercise of health,  
 The kind refresher of the summer-heats;  
 Nor, when cold Winter keen's the brightening flood, 1250  
 Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink.  
 Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,  
 By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse  
 Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
 Knit into force; and the same *Roman* arm,  
 That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 1255  
 First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.  
 Even, from the body's purity, the mind  
 Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,  
 Where winded into pleasing solitudes 1260  
 Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat,  
 Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.  
 There to the stream that down the distant rocks  
 Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd  
 Among the bending willows, falsely he 1265  
 Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd.  
 She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,  
 In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
 The soft return conceal'd; save when it stol

In side-long glances from her downcast eye, 1270  
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.  
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;  
And, if an infant passion struggled there,  
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain! 1275.  
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate  
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,  
This cool retreat his *Musidora* sought:  
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd; 1280  
And, robe'd in loose array, she came to bathe  
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,  
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:  
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul, 1285  
A delicate refinement, known to few,  
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:  
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,  
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?  
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest 1290  
*Arcadian* stream, with timid eye around  
The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs,  
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny top  
Of *Ida* panted stronger, when aside 1295  
The rival-goddeses the veil divine  
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,

Than, *DAMON*, thou; as from the snowy leg,  
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;  
As the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone; 1300  
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,  
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view;  
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white, 1305  
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,  
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;  
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,  
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn? 1310  
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood  
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;  
And every beauty softening, every grace  
Flushing anew, a mellow lustre shed:  
As shines the lily thro' the crystal mild; 1315  
Or as the rose amid the morning dew,  
Fresh from *Aurora*'s hand, more sweetly glows.  
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,  
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil, 1320  
Rising again, the latent *DAMON* drew  
Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,  
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought  
With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,  
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd 1325  
The

The theft profane, if aught profane to love  
 Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,  
 With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,  
 Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank,  
 With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,  
 " Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye 1331  
 " Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,  
 " To keep from thy recess each vagrant foot,  
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprize,  
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense, 1335  
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:  
 So stands the \* statue that enchant's the world,  
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
 The mingled beauties of exulting *Greece*.  
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes 1340  
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd  
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.  
 But, when her *DAMON*'s well-known hand she saw,  
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train  
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd, 1345.  
 Her sudden bosom seiz'd: shame void of guilt,  
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem  
 And admiration of her lover's flame,  
 By modesty exalted: even a sense  
 Of self-approving beauty stole across 1350.  
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm  
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;

\* *The Venus of Medici.*

And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream  
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen  
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd, 1355  
 Which soon her DAMON kis'd with weeping joy :  
 " Dear youth ! sole judge of what these verses mean,  
 " By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,  
 " Alas ! not favour'd less, be still as now 1359  
 " Discreet : the time may come you need not fly."

THE sun has lost his rage : his downward orb  
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,  
 And vital lustre; that, with various ray,  
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,  
 Incessant roll'd into romantic shapes, 1365  
 The dream of waking fancy ! Broad below,  
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast  
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth  
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour  
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves 1370  
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse  
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,  
 And in pathetic song to breathe around  
 The harmony to others. Social friends,  
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul; 1375  
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,  
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,  
 Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught  
 With philosophic stores, superior light;

And

And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns 1380  
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;  
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:  
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,  
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk; 1384  
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns,  
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,  
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,  
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,  
 And pour their souls in transport, which the *SIRE*  
 Of love approving hears, and *calls it good*. 1390  
 Which way, *AMANDA*, shall we bend our course?  
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?  
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?  
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild 1395  
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend,  
 While radiant Summer opens all its pride,  
 Thy hill, delightful \* *Sbene*? Here let us sweep  
 The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,  
 Exulting swift, to huge *AUGUSTA* send, 1400  
 Now to the † *Sister-Hills* that skirt her plain,  
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where  
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his princely brow.  
 In lovely contrast to this glorious view

\* The old name of Richmond, signifying in Saxon  
 Shining, or Splendor.

† Highgate and Hamstead.

Calmly magnificent, then will we turn 1405  
 To where the silver THAMES first rural grows.  
 There let the feasted eye unwearied stray :  
 Luxurious, there, rove thro' the pendant woods  
 That nodding hang o'er HARRINGTON's retreat ;  
 And, stooping thence to *Ham*'s embowering walks,  
 Beneath whose shades, in spotless peace retir'd, 1411  
 With HER the pleasing partner of his heart,  
 The worthy QUEENSB'RY yet laments his GAY,  
 And polish'd CORNBURY woos the willing Muse,  
 Slow let us trace the matchless VALE OF THAMES ;  
 Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt 1416  
 In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their PERE implore  
 The healing God ; to royal Hampton's pile,  
 To Clermont's terrass'd height, and Esher's groves,  
 Where in the sweetest solitude, embrac'd 1420  
 By the soft windings of the silent Mole,  
 From courts and senates PELHAM finds repose.  
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse  
 Has of *Abbaia* or *Hesperia* sung !  
 O vale of bliss ! O softly-swelling hills ! 1425  
 On which the Power of Cultivation lies,  
 And joys to see the wonders of his toil.

HEAVENS ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,  
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,  
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all  
 The stretching landskip into smoke decays ! 1431

Happy

Happy BRITANNIA ! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,  
Inspiring vigour, LIBERTY abroad  
Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,  
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand. 1435

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime ;  
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought ;  
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks ; thy valleys float  
With golden waves : and on thy mountains flocks  
Bleat numberless ; while, roving round their sides,  
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves. 1441  
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd  
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth ;  
And property assures it to the swain, 1445  
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guardian toil.

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art ;  
And trade and joy, in every busy street,  
Mingling are heard : even Drudgery himself,  
As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews 1450  
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,  
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts  
Of hurry'd sailor, as he hearty waves  
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet, 1455  
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,  
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,  
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first  
 Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas. 1460  
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans  
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;  
 In genius, and substantial learning, high;  
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;  
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind; 1465  
 Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,  
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,  
 In whom the splendor of heroic war, 1470  
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well  
 Combine; whose hallowed name the virtues faint,  
 And *bis own* Muses love; the best of *Kings*!  
 With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,  
 Names dear to Fame; the first who deep impress'd  
 On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms, 1476  
 That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou,  
 And *Patriots*, fertile. Thine a steady MORE,  
 Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,  
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage, 1480  
 Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just,  
 Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor,

A daunt-

A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.

Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;

ADRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep, 1485

And bore thy name in thunder round the world.

Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak

The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?

In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd;

RALEIGH, the scourge of Spain! whose breast with all

The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd. 1491

Nor sunk his vigour, when a coward-reign

The warrior fettered, and at last resign'd,

To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.

Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind 1495

Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,

And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;

Yet found no times, in all the long research,

So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,

In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled. 1500

Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,

The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,

The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.

A HAMPDEN too is thine, illustrious land,

Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul, 1505

Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age

To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,

In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.

Bright, at his call, thy Age of Men effulg'd,

Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye

1510  
Shall

Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.  
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew  
 The grave where RUSSEL lies; whose temper'd blood  
 With calmest cheerfulness for thee resign'd,  
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign; 1515  
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly funk  
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him  
 His friend, the \* BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;  
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,  
 By antient learning to th' enlightened love 1520  
 Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown  
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;  
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread  
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.  
 Thine is a BACON, hapless in his choice; 1525  
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,  
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,  
 With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
 To urge his course. Him for the studious shade  
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul, 1531  
 PLATO, the STAGYRITE, and TULLY join'd.  
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom  
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,  
 Led forth the true philosophy, these long 1535  
 Held in the magic chain of words and forms,  
 And definitions void: he led her forth,

Daugh.

\* ALGERNON SIDNEY,

\* A

## SUMMER.

III

Daughter of HEAVEN! that slow-ascending still,  
Investigating sure the ~~chart~~ of things, 1539  
With radiant finger points to HEAVEN again.

The generous \* ASHLEY thine, the friend of Man;  
Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,  
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
To touch the finer movements of the mind,

And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart. 1545  
Why need I name thy BOYLE, whose pious search  
Amid the dark recesses of his works,  
The great CREATOR sought? And why thy LOCKE,  
Who made the whole internal world his own?

Let NEWTON, *pure Intelligence*, whom GOD 1550  
To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works  
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame  
In all Philosophy. For lofty sense,  
Creative fancy, and inspection keen

Thro' the deep windings of the human heart, 1555  
Is not wild SHAKESPEAR thine and Nature's boast?  
Is not each great, each amiable Muse

Of classic ages in thy MILTON met?  
A genius universal as his theme;  
Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom 1560

Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.  
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing son;  
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song

O'er

\*ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, *Earl of Shaftesbury*.

O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground : 1565  
Nor thee, his antient Master, laughing sage,  
**CHAUCER**, whose native manners-painting verse,  
Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud  
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I, 1570  
BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,  
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,  
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,  
Where the live crimson, thro' the native white 1575  
Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,  
Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,  
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,  
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown, 1580  
The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;  
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
And by the soul inform'd, when drest in love  
She fits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss! amid the subject seas, 1585  
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,  
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,  
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores  
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;

Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults 1590  
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou ! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale  
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving *VIRTUES* round the land,  
In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and social *Love*; 1595  
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent  
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;  
Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity* of mind;  
*Courage* compos'd, and keen; sound *Temperance*,  
Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chastity*, 1600  
With blushes reddening as she moves along,  
Disordered at the deep regard she draws;  
Rough *Industry*; *Activity* untir'd,  
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:  
While in the radiant front, superior shines 1605  
That first paternal virtue, *Publick Zeal*;  
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
And, ever musing on the common weal,  
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees, 1610  
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds  
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,  
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
Air, earth and ocean smile immense. And now,  
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers 1615

Of

Of *Amphitrite*, and her tending nymphs,  
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;  
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve  
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

FOR ever running an enchanted round, 1620  
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;  
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,  
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,  
The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him, 1625  
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:  
A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,  
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,  
Himself an useles load, has squander'd vile,  
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have chear'd 1630  
A drooping family of modest worth.  
But to the generous still-improving mind,  
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
Boastles, as now descends the silent dew; 1635  
To him the long review of order'd life  
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

CONFESS'D from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,  
All ether softening, sober Evening takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air;  
A thousand shadows at her beck. First this 1640  
She sends on earth; then that of deeper dye

Steals soft behind; and then a *deeper still*,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream, 1645  
Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;  
While the quail clamours for his running mate,  
Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
A whitening shower of vegetable down  
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care 1650  
Of Nature nought despairs: thoughtful to feed  
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feathered feeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves 1655  
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;  
The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart,  
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,  
Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn  
Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds. 1660  
Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,  
And valley funk, and unfrequented; where  
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
In various game, and revelry, to pass  
The summer-night, as village-stories tell. 1665  
But far about they wander from the grave  
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd  
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand

Of impious violence. The lonely tower  
Is also shun'd; whose mournful chambers hold, 1670  
So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

AMONG the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the dark,  
A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields  
The world to *Night*; not in her winter-robe 1675  
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd  
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,  
Flings half an image on the straining eye; 1679  
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,  
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd  
Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven  
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft  
The silent hours of love, with purest ray 1683  
Sweet *Venus* shines; and from her genial rise,  
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,  
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night.  
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,  
With cherish'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shoot  
Across the sky; or horizontal dart, 1689  
In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring croud  
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,  
That more than deck, that animate the sky,  
The life-infusing suns of other worlds; 1693  
Lo

Lo! from the dead immensity of space  
Returning, with accelerated course,  
The rushing comet to the sun descends ;  
And as he sinks below the shading earth,  
With awful train projected o'er the heavens, 1700  
The guilty nations tremble. But, above  
Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith  
And blind amazement prone, the enlightened few,  
Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts, 1705  
The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy  
Divinely great ; they in their powers exult,  
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns  
This dusky spot, and measures all the sky ;  
While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds 1710  
Of barren ether, faithful to his time,  
They see the blazing wonder rise anew,  
In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent  
To work the will of all-sustaining Love :  
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake 1715  
Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,  
Thro' which his long ellipsis winds ; perhaps  
To lend new fuel to declining suns,  
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

WITH thee, serene PHILOSOPHY, with thee, 1720  
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song !  
Diffusive source of evidence, and truth !

A lustre shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,  
Stronger than summer-noon ; and pure as that, 1725  
Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul,  
New to the dawning of celestial day.

Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,  
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,  
Above the tangling mass of low desires, 1730  
That bind the fluttering crowd ; and, angel-wing'd,  
The heights of science and of virtue gains,  
Where all is calm and clear ; with Nature round,  
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss,  
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye display'd : 1735  
The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void,  
The chain of causes and effects to HIM,  
The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone  
Possesses being ; while the *Last* receives  
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth, 1740  
And every beauty, delicate or bold,  
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,  
Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts  
Her voice to ages ; and informs the page 1745  
With music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
Never to die ! the treasure of mankind !  
Their highest honour, and their truest joy !

WITHOUT thee what were unenlightened Man?  
 A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds, 1750  
 In quest of prey; and with th' unfashioned furr  
 Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,  
 And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
 Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
 Nor moral excellente, nor social bliss, 1755  
 Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill  
 To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool  
 Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
 Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
 The burning line or dares the wintry pole; 1760  
 Mother severe of infinite delights!  
 Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,  
 And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!  
 Whose horrid circle had made human life  
 Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee, 1765  
 Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;  
 To live like brothers, and conjunctive all  
 Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds  
 By the tough oar, PHILOSOPHY directs  
 The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath 1770  
 Of potent Heaven, invisible, the sail  
 Wells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

Nor to this evanescent speck of earth  
 Only confin'd, the radiant tracts on high

Are her exalted range; intent to gaze  
Creation thro'; and, from that full complex  
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive  
Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the Word*,  
And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward view,  
Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns  
Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,  
Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;  
Compound, divide, and into order shift,  
Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:  
To reason then, deducing truth from truth;  
And notion quite abstract; where first begins  
The world of spirits, action all, and life  
Unfettered, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,  
So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.  
Enough for us to know that this dark state,  
In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,  
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove  
The final issue of the works of GOD,  
By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,  
And ever rising with the rising mind.

1775

*d,*  
view,

1780

1785

# A U T U M N.

*ad,*

179

*s,*

*n'd, 179*

G

T U M

## The ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. ONSLOW. A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflections in praise of industry rais'd by that view. Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, enquiring into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season considered, that now shift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence view of the country. A prospect of the discoloured fading woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up the season. The harvest being gathered in, the count dissolv'd in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philosophical country life.*

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# A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,  
 While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
 Comes jovial on; the *Doric* reed once more,  
 Well-pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the wintry frost  
 Nitrous prepar'd; the various blossom'd Spring 5  
 Put in white promise forth; and Summer-suns  
 Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,  
 Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ONSLOW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,  
 To grace, inspire, and dignify her song, 10  
 Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear  
 A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,  
 The patriot-virtues that distend thy thought,  
 Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;  
 While listening senates hang upon thy tongue, 15  
 Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence  
 A rowl of periods, sweeter than her song.  
 But she too pants for public virtue, she,

Tho' weak of power yet strong in ardent will,  
 Whene'er her country rushes on her heart, 23  
 Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
 To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,  
 And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year;  
 From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence shook  
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue, 26  
 With golden light enlivened wide invests  
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,  
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds  
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below 30  
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.  
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale  
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:  
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air  
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.  
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky; 36  
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun  
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,  
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
 A gayly-checker'd heart-expanding view, 40  
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY! rough power  
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;

## A U T U M N.

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20 Yet the kind source of every gentle art, 45  
 And all the soft civility of life:  
 Raifer of human kind! by Nature cast,  
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods  
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;  
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind 50  
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around  
 Materials infinite; but idle all.  
 25 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,  
 Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,  
 Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand  
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year: 55  
 And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd:  
 With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal  
 Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!  
 30 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north, 60  
 With Winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,  
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:  
 Then to the shelter of the hut he fled;  
 35 And the wild season, sordid, pin'd away.  
 For home he had not; home is the resort 65  
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,  
 40 And dear relations mingle into bliss.  
 But this the rugged savage never felt,  
 Even desolate in crouds; and thus his days 70  
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:  
 Waste of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd,

And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:  
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out,  
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand  
 Of Art demanded; shew'd him how to raise  
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,  
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,  
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,  
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;      80  
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax;  
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
 'Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;  
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm, 85  
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;  
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd  
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake  
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:  
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;      90  
 But still advancing bolder, led him on,  
 To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;  
 And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,  
 Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,  
 And bad him be the *Lord* of all below.      95

THEN gathering Men their natural powers combin'd  
 And form'd a *Public*; to the general good  
 Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
 For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,

The free, and fairly represented *Whole*; 100  
 For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,  
 Distinguish'd orders, animated arts,  
 And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set  
*Imperial Justice* at the helm; yet still  
 To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd 105  
 That toiling millions must resign their weal,  
 And all the honey of their search, to such  
 As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

HENCE every form of cultivated life  
 In order set, protected, and inspir'd, 110  
 Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,  
 Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
 And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd  
 In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;  
 And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,  
 From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew 116  
 To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk  
 The busy merchant; the big ware-house built;  
 Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street  
 With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES,  
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods! 122  
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,  
 Like a long wintry forest, groves of masts  
 Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between  
 Possess'd

Posseſſ'd the breezy void; the foxy hulk 126  
 Steer'd sluggish on; the ſplendid barge along  
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,  
 The boat, light-skimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;  
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil 130  
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,  
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,  
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd  
 Its ample roof; and Luxury within 135  
 Pour'd out her glittering ſtores: the canvas ſmooth,  
 With glowing life protuberant, to the view  
 Embodied roſe; the ſtature ſeem'd to breathe,  
 And ſoften into flesh, beneath the touch  
 Of forming art, imagination-fluſh'd. 140

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er  
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
 Delightful. Penſive Winter chear'd by him  
 Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears  
 Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along; 145  
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;  
 Without him Summer were an arid waste;  
 Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit  
 Those full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,  
 That, waving round, recal my wandering ſong. 150

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;  
 Before the ripened field the reapers stand,  
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,  
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate      155  
 By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;  
 While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk,  
 The rural scandal and the rural jest  
 Fly harmlesfs, to deceive the tedious time,      160  
 And steal unselt the sultry hours away.  
 Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks ;  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.  
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there, 165  
 Spike after spike, their sparing harvest pick.  
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen ! but fling  
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,  
 The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think !  
 How good the GOD of HARVEST is to you ;      170  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;  
 While these unhappy partners of your kind  
 Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of fortune, ponder ; that your sons may want 175  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young **LAVINIA** once had friends;  
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful on her birth.  
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
 Of every stay, save Innocence and **HEAVEN**, 180  
 She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd  
 Among the windings of a woody vale;  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,  
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd. 185  
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride:  
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;  
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose, 190  
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure,  
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes, 195  
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:  
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star 200  
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,

Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament, 205  
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.  
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
 As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*,  
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills, 210  
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;  
 So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet *LAVINIA*; till, at length, compell'd  
 By strong Necessity's supreme command, 215  
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
 To glean *PALEMON*'s fields. The pride of swains  
*PALEMON* was, the generous, and the rich;  
 Who led the rural life in all its joy  
 And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song 220  
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;  
 When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,  
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train 225  
 To walk, when poor *LAVINIA* drew his eye;  
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd. 230  
 That very moment love and chaste desire

Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field. 235  
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“ WHAT pity ! that so delicate a form,  
 “ By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
 “ And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
 “ Should be devoted to the rude embrace 240  
 “ Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,  
 “ Of old ACASTO's line ; and to my mind  
 “ Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
 “ From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
 “ Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,  
 “ And once fair-spreading family dissolv'd. 245  
 “ 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,  
 “ Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 “ Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 “ His aged widow and his daughter live, 250  
 “ Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 “ Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful ACASTO ; who can speak 255  
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,  
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran ?

Then

Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;  
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once. 260  
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,  
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ AND art thou then ACASTO’s dear remains ?  
“ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought, 266  
“ So long in vain ? O yes ! the very same,  
“ The softened image of my noble friend,  
“ Alive, his every feature, every look,  
“ More elegantly touch’d. Sweeter than Spring !  
“ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root 271  
“ That nourish’d up my fortune ! Say, ah where,  
“ In what sequester’d desart, hast thou drawn  
“ The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?  
“ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ; 275  
“ Tho’ poverty’s cold wind, and crushing rain,  
“ Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years ?  
“ O let me now, into a richer soil,  
“ Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns, and showers,  
“ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ; 280  
“ And of my garden be the pride, and joy !  
“ Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits  
“ ACASTO’s daughter, his whose open stores,  
“ Tho’ vast, were little to his ampler heart,

“ The

" The father of a country, thus to pick 285  
 " The very refuse of those harvest-fields,  
 " Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 " Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 " But ill apply'd to such a rugged task; 289  
 " The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;  
 " If to the various blessings which thy house  
 " Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 " That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!""

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul, 295  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent. 300  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA's fate;  
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours: 306  
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round. 310

DEFEATING oft the labours of the year,  
The sultry south collects a potent blast.  
At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs  
Along the soft-inclining fields of corn. 315

But as th' aerial tempest fuller swells,  
And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,  
Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;  
Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours 320  
A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.  
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage, 325  
Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,  
Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;  
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff 330  
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,  
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
In one continuous flood. Still over head  
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still  
The deluge deepens; till the fields around  
Lie sunk, and flattened, in the fordid wave. 335  
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim,  
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams

Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks  
 The river lift; before whose rushing tide, 339  
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,  
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd  
 In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,  
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.  
 Fled to some eminence, the husbandman  
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck 345  
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once  
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
 Comes Winter unprovided, and a train  
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then, 350  
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,  
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;  
 Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad  
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;  
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board, 355  
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!  
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,  
 And all-involving winds have swept away. 359

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,  
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,  
 Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game*:  
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,  
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,

Out-

Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full, 365  
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey ;  
As in the sun the circling covey bask  
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way  
Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat 370  
Their idle wings, intangled more and more :  
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,  
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye  
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again, 375  
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,  
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,  
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,  
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song; 380  
Then most delighted, when she social sees  
The whole mix'd animal-creation round  
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
This falsely-chearful barbarous game of death;  
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth, 385  
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;  
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,  
As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,  
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant Man, 390  
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power,  
Inflam'd,

Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath  
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,  
For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,  
Amid the beamings of the gentle days. 395  
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,  
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;  
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,  
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew. 400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!  
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat  
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,  
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;  
The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom; 405  
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;  
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,  
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.  
Vain is her best precaution; tho' she sits 410  
Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,  
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;  
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,  
In act to spring away. The scented dew  
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep, 415  
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,  
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.  
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads

The sighing gale, the springs amaz'd, and all  
The savage soul of game is up at once: 420  
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn,  
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,  
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;  
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy. 425

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long  
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,  
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed  
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,  
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight. 430  
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.  
Deception short! tho' fleeter than the winds  
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,  
He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades, 435  
And plunges deep into the wildest wood.  
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track  
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift. 440  
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees  
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;  
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends  
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.  
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries 445

To

To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides:  
 Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,  
 With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.  
 What shall he do? His once so vivid nerves,  
 So full of buoyant spirit, now no more 450  
 Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,  
 Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;  
 And puts his last weak refuge in despair.  
 The big round tears run down his dappled face;  
 He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,  
 Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest, 456  
 And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

Or this enough. But if the silvan youth  
 Whose fervent blood boils into violence,  
 Must have the chace; behold, despising flight, 460  
 The rous'd up lion, resolute, and slow,  
 Advancing full on the pretended spear,  
 And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.  
 Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,  
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe 465  
 Vindictive fix, and let the russian die:  
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart  
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS, then  
 Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour 471  
 Loose

Loose on the nightly robber of the fold :  
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,  
Let all the thunder of the chace pursue.  
Throw the broad ditch behind you ; o'er the hedge  
High-bound, resistless ; nor the deep morass 476  
Refuse, but thro' th' shaking wilderness  
Pick your nice way ; into the perilous flood  
Bear fearless, of the raging instinct full ;  
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks 480  
Your triumph found sonorous, running round,  
From rock to rock, in circling echos tost.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport  
Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy  
E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR. 485  
Far be the spirit of the chace from them !  
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill ;  
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed ;  
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,  
In which they roughen to the sense, and all 490  
The winning softness of their sex is lost.  
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe ;  
With every motion, every word, to wave  
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush ;  
And from the smallest violence to shrink, 495  
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears ;  
And by this silent adulation, soft,  
To their protection more engaging Man.

O may

O may their eyes no miserable sight,  
Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game, 500  
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles pursued, yet fled,  
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
Float in the loose simplicity of dress!  
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone  
Know they to seize the captivated soul, 505  
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips ;  
To teach the lute to languish ; with smooth step,  
Disclosing Motion in its every charm,  
To swim along, and swell the mazy dance ;  
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn ; 510  
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page ;  
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
And heighten Nature's dainties ; in their race  
To rear their graces into second life ;  
To give Society its highest taste ; 515  
Well-ordered Home Man's best delight to make ;  
And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
With every gentle care-eluding art,  
To raise the virtues, animate the blis,  
And sweeten all the toils of human life : 520  
This be the female dignity, and praise.

Ye swains now hasten to the hazel-bank ;  
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook  
Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,  
Fit for the thickets and the tangling shrub, 525  
Ye

Ye virgins come. For you their latest song  
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you  
 The lover finds amid the secret shade;  
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
 With active vigour crushes down the tree; 530  
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
 A glossy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA's hair:  
 MELINDA form'd with every grace compleat,  
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wise, 535  
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,  
 In cheerful error, led us tread the maze  
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,  
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit. 540  
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
 From the deep loaded bough a mellow shower  
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear  
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.  
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race; 545  
 By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;  
 Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,  
 In ever-changing composition mixt.  
 Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller-night,  
 The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps 550  
 Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,  
 Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.

A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,  
 Dwells in their gelid pores ; and, active, points,  
 The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue: 555  
 Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,  
 PHILLIPS, *Pomona*'s bard, the second thou  
 Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,  
 With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song :  
 How, from *Silurian* vats, high-sparkling wines 560  
 Foam in transparent floods ; some strong, to cheer  
 The wintry revels of the labouring hind ;  
 And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

IN this glad season, while his sweetest beams  
 The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day ; 565  
 Oh lose me in the green delightful walks  
 Of, DODINGTON, thy seat, serene and plain ;  
 Where simple Nature reigns ; and every view,  
 Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs, 569  
 In boundless prospect ; yonder fagg'd with wood,  
 Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks !  
 Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome,  
 Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.  
 New beauties rise with each revolving day ; 574  
 New columns swell ; and still the fresh Spring finds  
 New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.  
 Full of thy genius all ! the Muses' seat ;  
 Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,  
 For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay :  
 Here

Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst 580  
Of thy applause, I solitary court  
Th' inspiring breeze: and meditate the book  
Of Nature ever open; aiming thence,  
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.

Here, as I steal along the sunny wall, 585  
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep,  
My pleasing Theme continual prompts my thought:  
Presents the downy peach; the shining plumb;  
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,  
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig. 590  
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;  
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south;  
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight  
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent; 595  
Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
The vineyard swells resplendent on the day;  
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,  
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks, 599  
From cliff to cliff encreas'd, the heightened blaze.  
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,  
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame,  
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes  
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.  
As thus they brighten with exalted juice, 605  
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;

The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,  
 Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,  
 Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
 Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,  
 And foams unbounded with the marshy flood; 611  
 'That by degrees fermented, and refin'd,  
 Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:  
 The claret smooth, red as the lip we press  
 In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl; 615  
 The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,  
 As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,  
 Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
 As up the middle sky unseen they stole, 620  
 And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
 No mbre the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
 Who pours a sweep of rivers from his fides,  
 And high between contending kingdoms rears  
 The rocky long division, fills the view 625  
 With great variety; but in a night  
 Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense  
 Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,  
 The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:  
 Vanish the woods; the dim-seen river seems 630  
 Sullen, and slow, to rowl the misty wave.  
 Even in the height of noon opprest, the sun  
 Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;

Whence

Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,  
 He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth, 635  
 Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life  
 Objects appear; and, wildered, o'er the waste  
 The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last  
 Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still  
 Successive closing, fits the general fog 640  
 Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,  
 A formless grey confusion covers all.  
 As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD)  
 Light, uncollected, thro' the chaos urg'd  
 Its infant way; nor order yet had drawn 645  
 His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin  
 To smoak along the hilly country, these,  
 With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,  
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores 650  
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks;  
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play,  
 And their unfailing weal' th the rivers draw.  
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave  
 For ever lashes the resounding shore, 655  
 Drill'd thro' the sandy *Stratum*, every way,  
 The waters with the sandy *Stratum* rise;  
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,  
 They joyful leave their jaggy falts behind,  
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along. 660

Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
 Though oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs;  
 But to the mountain courted by the sand,  
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again 66;  
 Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill  
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain  
**Amusive** dream! why should the waters love  
 To take so far a journey to the hills,  
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil 670  
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?  
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray,  
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop  
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert 675  
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?  
 Besides, the bard agglomerating salts  
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak  
 Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,  
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales: 680  
 Old Ocean too, fuck'd thro' the porous globe,  
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed,  
 And brought *Deucalion's* watry times again.

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,  
 That, like **CREATING NATURE**, lie conceal'd 685  
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?

O thou

O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,  
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,  
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display 690  
 Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!  
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load;  
 The huge incumbrance of horrific woods  
 From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaus* stretch'd  
 Athwart the roving *Tartar*'s fullen bounds! 695  
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching eye,  
 And high *Olympus* pouring many a stream!  
 O from the sounding summits of the north,  
 The *Defrine Hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd  
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen main; 700  
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far-seen by those  
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil;  
 From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Russ*  
 Believes the †*stony girdle* of the world;  
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm, 705  
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods;  
 O sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,  
 That ever works beneath his sounding base,  
 Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as Poets feign,  
 His subterranean wonders spread! unveil 710  
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,  
 Of *Abyssinia*'s cloud-compelling cliffs,

† The Moscovites call the Riphean Mountains *Weli-ki Camenypoys*, that is, the great stony Girdle: because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

And of the bending \**Mountains of the Moon*!

O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,

Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line 715

Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round

The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!

Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose,

I see the rivers in their infant beds!

Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free! 720

I see the leaning *Strata*, artful rang'd;

The gaping fissures to receive the rains,

The melting snows, and ever dripping fogs.

Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,

The pebbly gravel next, the layers then 725

Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,

The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts;

That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,

Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.

Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains, 730

I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,

The mighty reservoirs, of hardened chalk,

Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.

O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,

The crystal treasures of the liquid world, 735

Thro' the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;

And welling out, around the middle steep,

Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,

In

\* *A Range of Mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.*

In pure effusion flow. United, thus,  
Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air, 740  
The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd  
These vapours in continual current draw,  
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,  
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,  
A social commerce hold, and firm support 745  
The full-adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,  
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play  
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,  
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift, 750  
The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,  
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;  
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring bank,  
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.  
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd, 755  
With other kindred birds of season, there  
They twitter chearful, till the vernal months  
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now  
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

WHERE the Rhine loses his majestic force 760  
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,  
By diligence amazing, and the strong  
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,  
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,

Consulting deep, and various, ere they take 765  
 Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky.  
 And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,  
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;  
 And many a circle, many a short essay,  
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,  
 The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high 771  
 Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

OR where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls,  
 Boils round the naked melancholy isles  
 Of farthest *Tbule*, and th' *Atlantic* surge 775  
 Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;  
 Who can recount what transmigrations there  
 Are annual made? What nations come and go?  
 And how the living clouds on clouds arise?  
 Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air, 780  
 And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

HERE the plain harmless native his small flock,  
 And herd diminutive of many hues,  
 Tends on the little island's verdant swell,  
 The shepherd's sea-girt reign; or, to the rocks  
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food; 785  
 Or sweeps the fishy shore; or treasures up  
 The plumage, rising full, to form the bed  
 Of luxury. And here a while the Muse,  
 High-hovering o'er the broad cerulean scene, 790  
 Sees

Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view :

Her airy mountains, from the waving main,  
Invested with a keen diffusive sky,  
Breathing the soul acute ; her forests huge,  
Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand 795  
Planted of old ; her azure lakes between,  
Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth  
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales ;  
With many a cool translucent brimming flood  
Wash'd lovely, from the *Tweed* (pure *Parent-stream*,  
Whose pastoral banks first heard my *Doric* reed, 801  
With, silvan *Jed*, thy tributary brook)  
To where the north-inflated tempest foams  
O'er *Orca*'s or *Betubium*'s highest peak :  
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school 805  
Train'd up to hardy deeds ; soon visited  
By *Learning*, when before the *Gothic* rage  
She took her western flight. A manly race,  
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise and brave ;  
Who still thro' bleeding ages struggled hard, 810  
(As well unhappy *WALLACE* can attest,  
Great patriot-hero ! ill-requited chief !)  
To hold a generous undiminish'd state ;  
Too much in vain ! Hence of unequal bounds  
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne 815  
O'er every land, for every land their life  
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,  
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.

As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn.* 820

Or is there not some patriot, in whose power  
That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,  
Or blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,  
Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,  
To cheer dejected industry? to give 825  
A double harvest to the pining swain?  
And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?  
How, by the finest art, the native robe  
To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,  
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar, 830  
How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,  
Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* fleets  
Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,  
That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;  
How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing 835  
The prosperous sail, from every growing port,  
Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;  
And thus, in soul united as in name,  
Bid **BRITAIN** reign the mistress of the deep?

Yes, there are such. And full on thee, **ARGYLE**,  
Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast, 841  
From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,  
Thy fond imploring Country turns her eye;  
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees

Her every virtue, every grace combin'd, 845  
 Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
 Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,  
 Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat  
 Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.  
 Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow: 850  
 For, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
 Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;  
 While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,  
 The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
 Thee, **FORBES**, too, whom every worth attends,  
 As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind, 856  
 Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,  
 Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,  
 Plan'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;  
 And seldom has she known a friend like thee. 860

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,  
 Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
 Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,  
 Of every hue, from wan declining green  
 To footy dark. These now the lonesome Muse, 865  
 Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
 And give the season in its latest view.

MEANTIME, light-shadowing all, a sober calm  
 Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave  
 Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn. 870

The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,  
 The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
 And thro' their lucid veil his soften'd force  
 Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
 For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,  
 To steal themselves from the degenerate croud, 876  
 And soar above this little scene of things;  
 To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;  
 To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;  
 And woole lone *Quiet* in her silent walks. 880

THUS solitary, and in pensive guise,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,  
 And thro' the saddened grove, where scarce is heard  
 One dying strain, to chear the woodman's toil.  
 Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint, 885  
 Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.  
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,  
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,  
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering fit 890  
 On the dead tree, a full despondent flock;  
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,  
 And nought save chattering discord in their note.  
 O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
 The gun the music of the coming year 895  
 Destroy; and harmless, unsuspecting harm,

Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey,  
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground !

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires ; for now the leaf 900  
Incessant rustles from the mournful grove ;  
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below,  
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams ; 905  
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest-walks, at every rising gale,  
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields ;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race 910  
Their sunny robes resign. Even what remain'd  
Of stronger fruits falls from the naked tree ;  
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around  
The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes ! he comes ! in every breeze the Power  
Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes ! 916  
His near approach the sudden-starting tear,  
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,  
The softened feature, and the beating heart,  
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.  
O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes ! 921  
Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast

Infuses

Infuses every tenderness ; and far  
Beyond dim earth, exalts the swelling thought.

Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such 925

As never mingled with the vulgar dream,  
Croud fast into the Mind's creative eye.

As fast the correspondent passions rise,

As varied, and as high : Devotion rais'd

To rapture, and divine astonishment ; 930

The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,

Of human race ; the large ambitious wish,

To make them blest ; the sigh for suffering worth,  
Lost in obscurity ; the noble scorn,

Of tyrant-pride ; the fearless great resolve ; 935

The wonder which the dying patriot draws,

Inspiring glory thro' remotest time ;

Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame ;

The sympathies of love, and friendship dear ;

With all the *social Offspring of the heart.* 940

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,

To twilight groves, and visionary vales ;

To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms ;

Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,

Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along ; 945

And voices more than human, thro' the void

Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear !

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,  
 That o'er the garden and the rural seat  
 Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land 950  
 In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees;  
 O lead me to the wide-extended walks,  
 The fair majestic paradise of STOWE\*!  
 Not *Persian Cyrus* on *Ionia's* shore,  
 E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art 955  
 By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tam'd  
 By cool judicious art; that, in the strife,  
 All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.  
 And there, O PIT, thy country's early boast,  
 There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes, 960  
 Or in that † *Temple* where, in future times,  
 Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name;  
 And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles  
 Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.  
 While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,  
 The regulated wild, gay Fancy then 966  
 Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic Land*;  
 Will from thy standard taste refine her own,  
 Correct her pencil to the purest truth  
 Of Nature, or, the unimpaffion'd shades 970  
 Forsaking, raise it to the human mind,  
 Or if hereafter she, with juster hand,

Shall

\* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

† The Temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens,

Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,  
 To mark the varied movements of the heart,  
 What every decent character requires, 975  
 And every passion speaks: O thro' her strain  
 Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds  
 Th' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,  
 Of honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,  
 And shakes corruption on her venal throne. 980  
 While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*  
 Delighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes:  
 What pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files  
 Of ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,  
 Instead of squadrons flaming o'er the field, 985  
 And long-embattled hosts! When the proud foe  
 The faithless vain disturber of mankind,  
 Insulting *Gaul*, has rous'd the world to war;  
 When keen, once more, within their bounds to press  
 Those polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves, 990  
 The BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,  
 Thy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill.

THE western sun withdraws the shortened day;  
 And humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,  
 In her chill progress, to the ground condens'd 995  
 The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,  
 Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind,  
 Cluster the rolling fogs, and swim along  
 The dusky mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon  
 Full-erb'd,

Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scattered clouds,  
Shews her broad visage in the crimson'd east. 1001  
Turn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk,  
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
And caverns deep, as optic tube descries,  
A smalles earth, gives all his blaze again, 1005  
Void of its flame, and sheds a softer day.  
Now thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop,  
Now up the pure cerulean rides sublime.  
Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale, 1010  
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,  
The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

BUT when half blotted from the sky her light,  
Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn, 1015  
With keener lustre thro' the depth of heaven ;  
Or quite extinct her deadened orb appears,  
And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white ;  
Oft in this season, silent from the north  
A blaze of meteors shoots : ensweeping first 1020  
The lower skies, they all at once converge  
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,  
And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,  
All ether coursing in a maze of light. 1025

FROM look to look, contagious thro' the crowd,  
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
 Th' appearance throws: Armies in meet array,  
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;  
 Till the long lines of full-extended war 1030  
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood  
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,  
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks 1035  
 Of blood and battle; cities over-turn'd,  
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;  
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;  
 Of pestilence, and every great distress; 1040  
 Empires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck  
 Th' unalterable hour: even Nature's self  
 Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.  
 Not so the Man of philosophic eye,  
 And inspect sage; the waving brightness he 1045  
 Curious surveys, inquisitive to know  
 The causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,  
 Of this appearance beautiful and new.

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
 A shade immense, Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth. 1051

Order

Order confounded lies ; all beauty void ;  
Distinction lost ; and gay variety  
One universal blot : such the fair power  
Of light, to kindle and create the whole. 1055  
Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,  
Full of pale fancies, and chimera's huge ;  
Nor visited by one directive ray,  
From cottage streaming, or from airy hall. 1060  
Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,  
Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,  
The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails  
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss ;  
Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze, 1065  
Now lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,  
Rider and horse, amid the miry gulph :  
While still, from day to day, his pining wife,  
And plaintive children his return await,  
In wild conjecture lost. At other times, 1070  
Sent by the better *Genius* of the night,  
Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,  
The meteor fits ; and shews the narrow path,  
That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else  
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford. 1075

THE lengthened night elaps'd, the morning shines  
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,  
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.

And

And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;  
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam; 1080  
And hung on every spray, on every blade  
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.

Ah see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,  
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,  
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night, 1085  
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,  
The happy people, in their waxen cells,  
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd  
To mark, full flowing round, their copious stores.  
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends; 1091  
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,  
By thousands, tumbles from their honey'd domes,  
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.  
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring, 1095  
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd  
Ceasless the burning Summer-heats away?  
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?  
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long, 1100  
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
Awaiting renovation? when obliged,  
Must you destroy? Of their ambrosial food  
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,  
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds; 1105  
Or,

Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
Again regale them on some smiling day?  
See where the stony bottom of their town  
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there  
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state 1110  
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,  
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,  
At theatre or feast, or sunk in sleep,  
(As late, *Palermo*, was thy fate) is seiz'd 1115  
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,  
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd,  
Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

HENCE every harsher sight! for now the day,  
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,  
Infinite splendor! wide investing all. 1121  
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads  
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.  
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd  
With a peculiar blue! the ethereal arch 1125  
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd  
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below  
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all  
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up; 1130  
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.  
While, loose to festive joy, the country round

Laughs

Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,  
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth  
 By the quick sense of music taught alone, 1135  
 Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.  
 Her every charm abroad, the village-toast,  
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,  
 Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye  
 Points an approving smile, with double force, 1140  
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.  
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts  
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think  
 That, with to-morrow's fun, their annual toil  
 Begins again the never-ceasing round. 1145

Oh knew he but his happiness, of Men  
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,  
 Deep in the vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.  
 What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,  
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking croud 1151  
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?  
 Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,  
 Of every hue reflected light can give,  
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold, 1155  
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?  
 What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,  
 For him each rarer tributary life  
 Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps

With

With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl 1160  
Flames not with costly juice; nor funk in beds,  
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,  
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?  
What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,  
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive; 1165  
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
Their hollow moments undelighted all?  
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd  
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:  
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich, 1170  
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,  
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough  
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;  
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap: 1175  
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;  
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade, 1180  
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;  
Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,  
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;  
Unfullied beauty; sound unbroken youth, 1185  
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;

Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;  
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

LET others brave the flood in quest of gain,  
And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.  
Let such as deem it glory to destroy 1191  
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek;  
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,  
The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.  
Let some, far-distant from their native soil, 1195  
Urg'd or by want or hardened avarice,  
Find other lands beneath another sun.  
Let this through cities work his eager way,  
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,  
The social sense extinct; and that ferment 1200  
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,  
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these  
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,  
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,  
An iron race! and those of fairer front, 1205  
But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;  
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,  
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.  
While he, from all the stormy passions free 1210  
That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,  
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,

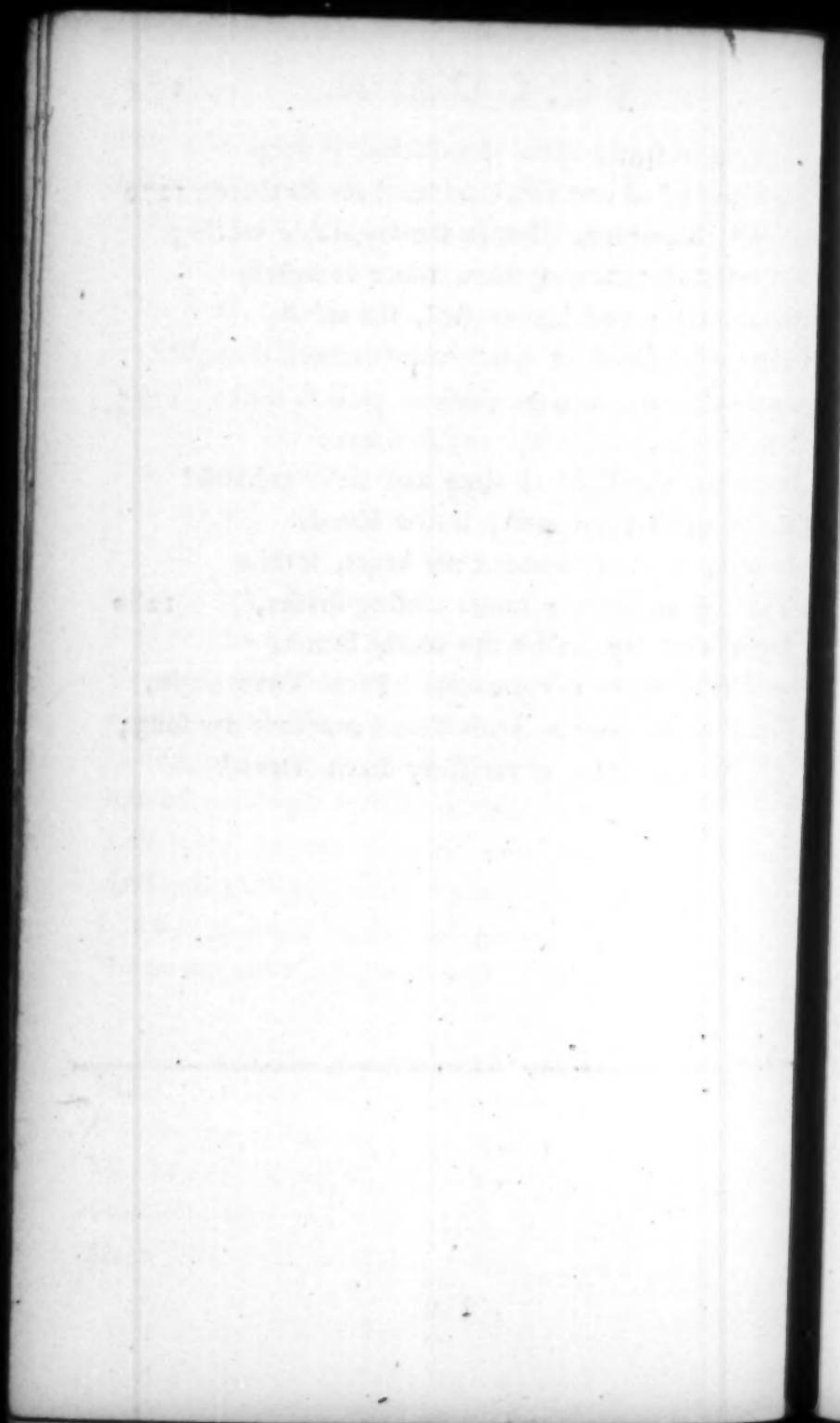
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,  
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes, 1216  
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;  
Admiring, sees her in her every shape;  
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart; 1220  
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.  
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
Into his freshened soul; her genial hours  
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows, 1225  
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.  
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,  
Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of these  
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung; 1230  
Or what she dictates writes: and, oft an eye  
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.  
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,  
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart dislends 1235  
With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams  
Deep musing, then he *best* exerts his song.  
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliss.  
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies, 1241

Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,  
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.  
A friend a book the stealing hours secure,  
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,  
O'er land and sea imagination roams; 1246  
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
Elates his being, and unsfolds his powers;  
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.  
The touch of kindred too and love he feels; 1250  
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone  
Extatic shine; the little strong embrace  
Of pratling children, twin'd around his neck,  
And emulous to please him, calling forth  
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay, 1255  
Amusement, dance, or song; he sternly scorns;  
For happiness and true philosophy  
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.  
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
And guilty cities, never knew; the life, 1260  
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man!

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! ever all!  
Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works!  
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,  
World beyond world, in infinite extent, 1266  
Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,  
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,

Give

Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep  
Light my blind way: the mineral *Strata* there; 1270  
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;  
O'er that the rising system, more complex,  
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,  
The varied-scene of quick-compounded thought,  
And where the mixing passions endless shift; 1775  
These ever open to my ravish'd eye:  
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!  
But if to that unequal; if the blood,  
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid  
That *best* ambition; under closing shades, 1280  
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
And whisper to my dreams. From *THEE* begin,  
Dwell all on *THEE*, with *THEE* conclude my song;  
And let me never never stray from *THEE*!



W I N T E R.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Address to the earl of WILMING-  
TON. First approach of Winter. According to the  
natural course of the season, various storms described.  
Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows :  
A Man perishing among them ; whence reflections on  
the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves  
descending from the Alps and Apennines. A win-  
ter-evening described : as spent by *philosophers* ; by the  
country people ; in the city. Frost. A view of Win-  
ter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The whole  
concluding with moral reflections on a future state.*

## W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,  
 Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train;  
*Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms.* Be these my theme,  
 These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!  
 Cogenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot, 6  
 Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,  
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain;  
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure; 11  
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;  
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,  
 In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,  
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south, 15  
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out and smil'd,

To thee, the patron of *this first* essay,  
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renews her song.

Since has she rounded the revolving year :  
Skim'd the gay Spring ; on eagle-pinions borne, 20  
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise ;  
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale ;  
And now among the wintry clouds again,  
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar ;  
To swell her note with all the rushing winds ; 25  
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods ;  
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great :  
Thrice happy ! could she fill thy judging ear  
With bold description, and with manly thought.  
Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone, 30  
And how to make a mighty people thrive :  
But equal goodness, sound integrity,  
A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul  
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal, 35  
A steady spirit regularly free ;  
These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
Into the patriot ; these, the public hope  
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse  
Record what envy dares not flattery call. 40

Now when the clearless empire of the sky  
To *Capricorn* the *Centaur-Archer* yields,  
And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th' inverted year ;  
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun  
Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day. 45

Faint

Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in cloudy storm,  
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;  
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night, 50  
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,  
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.  
Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,  
Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds, 55  
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven  
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,  
A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,  
And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60  
The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,  
And black with more than melancholy views.  
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrowed land,  
Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root 65  
Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm;  
And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook  
And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan, 70  
Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear.

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,  
Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure

Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;  
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,  
 That grumbling wave below. Th' unsightly plain 76  
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds  
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up  
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80  
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love  
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
 Or skimming flutter round the dimply pool.  
 The cattle from th' untasted fields return,  
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wanted stalls,  
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade. 86  
 Thither the household feathery people croud,  
 The crested cock, with all his female train,  
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind  
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there  
 Recounts his simple frolick: much he talks, 91  
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows  
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95  
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along:  
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,  
 Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;  
 Then o'er the sanded valley flowing spreads, 100

Calm,

Calm, sluggish, silent ; till again constrain'd,  
Between two meeting hills it bursts a way,  
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream ;  
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep, 104  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

NATURE ! great parent ! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the Seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works !  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul !  
That fees astonish'd ! and astonish'd sings ! 110  
Ye too, ye winds ! that now begin to blow,  
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings ! say,  
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,  
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm ? 115  
In what far-distant region of the sky,  
Hush'd in deep silence, sleep you when 'tis calm ?

WHEN from the palid sky the sun descends,  
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb  
Uncertain wanders, stain'd ; red fiery streaks 120  
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
Stagger with dizzy poize, as doubting yet  
Which master to obey : while rising slow,  
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125  
Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,

The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray ;  
 Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
 And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.  
 Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf ; 130  
 And on the flood the dancing feather floats.  
 With broadened nostrils to the sky upturn'd,  
 The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.  
 Even as the matron, at her nightly task,  
 With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135  
 The wasted taper and the crackling flame  
 Foretel the blast. But chief the plamy race,  
 The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.  
 Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
 They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140  
 Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,  
 And seek the closing shelter of the grove,  
 Assiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl  
 Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high 144  
 Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land.  
 Loud shrieks the soaring hern ; and with wild wing  
 The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.  
 Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide  
 And blind commotion heaves ; while from the shore,  
 Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150  
 And forest-tuftling mountain, comes a voice,  
 That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.  
 Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
 And hurls the whole precipitated air,

Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155

Descends th'ethereal force, and with strong gust

Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep,

Thro' the black night that fits immense around,

Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine

Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn: 160

Mean-time the mountain-billows, to the clouds

In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,

Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,

And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,

Wild as the winds across the howling waste 165

Of mighty waters: now th'inflated wave

Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot

Into the secret chambers of the deep,

The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their head.

Emerging thence again, before the breath 170

Of full exerted heaven they wing their course,

And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,

Or shoal insidious break not their career,

And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

NOR less at land the loosened tempest reigns. 175

The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons

Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.

Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,

The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,

And, often falling, climbs against the blast. 180

Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds

What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;  
 Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's  
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.

Thus struggling thro' the dissipate grove, 185  
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;  
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,  
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,  
 For entrance eagre, howls the savage blast. 190  
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,  
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,  
 That, uttered by the Demon of the night,  
 Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

HUGE uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd  
 With stars swift gliding sweep along the sky. 196  
 All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft  
 Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
 And on the wings of the careering wind  
 Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm; 200  
 Then straight air sea and earth are hush'd at once.

As yet'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
 Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
 Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
 Let me associate with the serious *Night*, 205  
 And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;

Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,  
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life!  
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train! 210  
Where are you now? and what is your amount?  
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.  
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,  
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd, 215  
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!  
O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!  
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,  
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul 220  
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,  
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss!

THE keener tempests come: and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,  
Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb 225  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;  
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.  
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin-wavering; 'till at last the flakes 230  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,

With

With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields  
 Put on their winter-robe of purest white.  
 'Tis brightness all ; save where the new snow melts  
 Along the mazy current. Low, the woods 235  
 Bow their hoar head ; and, ere the languid sun  
 Faint from the west emits his evening ray,  
 Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,  
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
 The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox 240  
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
 Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around  
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,  
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,  
 Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,  
 In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves  
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man  
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first 250  
 Against the window beats ; then, brisk, alights  
 On the warm hearth ; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is :  
 'Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs 255  
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
 Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset  
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,

And more unpitying Men, the garden seeks, 260  
Urg'd on by fearles want. The bleating kind  
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispers'd,  
Dig for the withered herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,  
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens 266  
With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,  
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270  
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
The billowy tempest whelms; 'till, upward urg'd  
The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
All Winter drives along the darkened air;  
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain  
Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow; and other scenes, 280  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:  
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray;  
Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285

Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home  
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !  
What black despair, what horror fills his heart !  
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290  
His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track, and blest abode of Man ;  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head, 295  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild,  
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,  
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge, 300  
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land unknown,  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks 305  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots  
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,  
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen. 310  
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;  
In vain his little children, peeping out .

Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas! 315  
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffened corse, 320  
Strech'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

As little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste; 325  
Ah little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death  
And all the sad variety of pain.  
How many sink in the devouring flood,  
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed, 330  
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man.  
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;  
Shut from the common air, and common use  
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread 335  
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,  
How many shrink into the sordid hut  
Of cheerles poverty. How many shake  
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
Unbouned passion, madness, guilt, remorse; 340

Whence

Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.

Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,  
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop 345  
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand  
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond Man  
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
That one incessant struggle render life, 350  
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
And heedless rambling Impulse learn to think;  
The conscious heart of charity would warm,  
And her wide wish benevolence dilate; 355  
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;  
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
Refining still, the social passions work.

And here can I forget the generous \* band,  
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail? 361  
Unpity'd, and unheard, where misery moans;  
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,  
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.  
While in the land of liberty, the land 365  
Whose every street and public meeting glow

\* The Jail Committee, in the Year 1729.

With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;  
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;  
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;  
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 370  
The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,  
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,  
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;  
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.

Great design! if executed well, 376  
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.

Sons of mercy! yet resume the search;  
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,  
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380  
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

Much still untouched remains; in this rank age,  
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.

The toils of law, (what dark insidious Men  
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385

And lengthen simple justice into trade)

How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,  
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract  
Of horrid mountains which the shining *Alps*, 390  
And wavy *Appenine*, and *Pyrenees*,  
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;  
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!

Burning

Burning for blood ! bony, and ghaunt, and grim !  
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend ; 39  
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,  
Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.  
All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,  
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.  
Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 40  
Or shake the murdering savages away.  
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
The godlike face of Man avails him nought.  
Even beauty, force divine ! at whose bright glance  
The generous lion stands in softened gaze, 40  
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.  
But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,  
The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,  
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate !) 41  
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig  
The shrouded body from the grave ; o'er which,  
Mix'd with fowl shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl

AMONG those hilly regions, where embrac'd  
In peaceful vales the happy *Grisons* dwell ; 41  
Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.  
From steep to steep, loud-thundering down they come  
A wintry waste in dire commotion all ;  
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains,

39 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,  
 hamlets sleeping in the dead of night, 422  
 deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

40 Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
 the wild depth of Winter, while without 425  
 ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,  
 'twixt the groaning forest and the shore,  
 at by the boundless multitude of waves,  
 rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;  
 here ruddy fire and beaming tapers join, 430  
 cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,  
 hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD;  
 ages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,  
 gods beneficent, who blest mankind  
 with arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435  
 41 'us'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside  
 the long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail  
 the sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass  
 before my wondering eyes. First Socrates,  
 no firmly good in a corrupted state, 440  
 'gainst the rage of tyrants *single* stood,  
 invincible! calm Reason's holy law,  
 that *Voice of God* within th' attentive mind,  
 abeying, fearless, or in life, or death:  
 they com at moral teacher! *Wiseft of Mankind!* 445  
 wains, on the next, who built his common-weal  
 equity's wide base; by *tender laws*

A lively

A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd  
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,  
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 45  
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,  
 The pride of smiling GREECE, and human-kind.  
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force  
 Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,  
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 45  
 As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,  
 The firm \* DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds  
 The hardest lesson which the other taught.  
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front;  
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflatte ing voice  
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of *Just*; 46  
 In pure majestic poverty rever'd;  
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal  
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty † Rival's fame.  
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray appears 46  
 CIMON sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,  
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad  
 The scourge of Persian pride, at home the friend  
 Of every worth and every splendid art;  
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth. 47  
 Then the last worthies of declining GREECE,  
 Late-call'd to glory, in unequal times,  
 Pensive, appear. The fair Corinthian boast,

TIMOLEON

\* LEONIDAS.

† THEMISTOCLES.

TIMOLEON, temper'd happy, mild, and firm,  
Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled. 475  
And, equal to the best, the \* *THEBAN PAIR*,  
Whose virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,  
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.  
He too, with whom *Athenian honour* sunk,  
And left a mass of *fordid lees* behind, 480  
*PHOCION* the *Good*; in public life severe,  
To virtue still inexorably firm;  
But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,  
Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,  
Not friendship foster was, nor love more kind. 485  
And he, the *last* of old *LYCURGUS'* sons,  
The generous victim to that vain attempt,  
*To save a rotten State, AGIS*, who saw  
Even *SPARTA*'s self to servile *avarice* sunk.  
The two *Acbaian* heroes close the train. 490  
*ARATUS*, who a while relum'd the soul  
Of fondly lingering liberty in *GREECE*:  
And he her darling as her latest hope,  
The gallant *PHILOPEMON*; who to arms  
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure; 495  
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;  
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

Or rougher front, a mighty people come!  
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times

\* *PELOPIDAS, and EPAMINONDAS.*

Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame 500  
 Their dearest country, they too fondly lov'd.  
 Her better Founder first, the light of ROME,  
 NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons.  
 SERVIUS the King, who laid the solid base  
 On which o'er earth the *vast* republic spread. 505  
 Then the great consuls venerable rise.  
 The \* PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,  
 As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.  
 He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,  
 CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes.  
 FABRICIUS, scorner of all-conquering gold; 510  
 And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.  
 Thy † WILLING VICTIM, Carthage, bursting loose  
 From all that pleading Nature could oppose,  
 From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith  
 Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command. 515  
 SCIPIO, the gentle chief, humanely brave,  
 Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
 And, warm in youth, to the *Poetic shade*  
 With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd.  
 TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while 520  
 Restraine'd the *rapid* fate of rushing ROME.  
 Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *Extreme*.  
 And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,  
 Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,

\* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

† REGULUS.

Lifted the *Roman Steel* against thy *Friend*. 525  
 Thousands besides the tribute of a verse  
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?  
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober state,  
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun: 530  
 'Tis *Phebus*' self, or else the *Mantuan Swain*!  
 Great *HOMER* too appears, of daring wing,  
 Parent of song! and equal by his fide,  
 The *BRITISH MUSE*; join'd hand in hand they walk,  
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame. 535  
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful touch  
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd  
 Transported *Athens* with the *MORAL SCENE*:  
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting *LYRE*.

FIRST of your kind! Society divine! 540  
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,  
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.  
 Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;  
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,  
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign 545  
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,  
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.  
 Or from the Muses' hill will *POPE* descend,  
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile, 550

And with the social spirit warm the heart :  
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,  
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND ? Thou the darling pride,  
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng ! 555  
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime  
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,  
 Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon ?  
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame, 560  
 Which stung thy fervent breast ? That treasur'd store  
 Of knowledge, early gain'd ? That eager zeal  
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band  
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name ?  
 What now, alas ! that life-diffusing charm 565  
 Of sprightly wit ? That rapture for the Muse,  
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,  
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile ?  
 Ah ! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits,  
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain ! 570

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass  
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd :  
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame  
 Was call'd, late rising from the void of night, 575  
 Or sprung eternal from th' ETERNAL MIND ;

Its life, its laws, its progress, and its end.

Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds ;  
And each diffusive harmony unite

580

In full perfection, to th'astonish'd eye.

Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,  
Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd, moves on  
In higher order ; fitted, and impell'd,

By *Wisdom's* finest hand, and issuing all

585

In *general Good*. The sage historic Muse

Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time :

Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,

In scatter'd states ; what makes the nations smile,

Improves their soil, and gives them double suns ;

And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,

In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,

Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale

That portion of divinity, that ray

Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul

Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,

In powerless humble fortune, to repress

These ardent risings of the kindling soul ;

Then, even superior to ambition, we

Would learn the private virtues ; how to glide

Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream

Of rural life : or snatch'd away by hope,

Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,

With earnest eye anticipate those scenes

Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind, 605  
 In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
 Rises from state to state, and world to world.  
 But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,  
 We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes  
 Of frolic fancy; and incessant form 610  
 Those rapid pictures, that assembled train  
 Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,  
 Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprize;  
 Or folly-painted *Humour*, grave himself,  
 Calls Laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve. 615

MEAN-TIME the village rouzes up the fire;  
 While well attested, and as well believ'd,  
 Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;  
 Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.  
 Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake 620  
 The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;  
 The ample joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
 Easly pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;  
 The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,  
 On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep: 625  
 The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes  
 Of native music, the respondent dance  
 Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt,  
 Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,

Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow 631  
 Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,  
 To swift destruction. On the rankled foul  
 The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph  
 Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace, 635  
 Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.  
 Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,  
 Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.  
 The glittering court effuses every pomp;  
 The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes, 640  
 Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
 A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:  
 While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,  
 The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks;  
 OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns; 646  
 And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.  
 Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear  
 Steals o'er the cheek: or else the COMIC MUS~~E~~  
 Holds to the world a picture of itself, 650  
 And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.  
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes  
 Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,  
 Or charm the heart, in generous \* BEVIL shew'd.

\* *A Character in the Conscious Lovers*, written  
 by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

\* O THOU, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd, 655  
 Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill  
 To touch the finer springs that move the world,  
 Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,  
 And all *Apollo's* animating fire,  
 Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine 660  
 At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,  
 Of polish'd life; permit the *Rural Muse*,  
 O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song!  
 Ere to the shades again she humbly flies,  
 Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train, 665  
 (For every Muse has in thy train a place)  
 To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:  
 To mark that spirit, which, with *British Scorn*,  
 Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;  
 That elegant politeness, which excels, 670  
 Even in the judgment of presumptuous *France*,  
 The boasted manners of her shining court;  
 That wit, the vivid energy of sense,  
 The truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* point,  
 And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen, 675  
 Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.  
 Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,  
 O let me hail thee on some glorious day,  
 When to the listening senate, ardent, croud  
 BRITANNIA's sons to hear her pleaded cause. 680  
 Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,  
 Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:

Thou

Thou to assenting reason giv'st again  
 Her own enlightened thoughts ; call'd from the heart,  
 Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend ; 685  
 And even reluctant party feels a while  
 Thy gracious power : as thro' the varied maze  
 Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,  
 Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse : 690  
 For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,  
 Frosty, succeed ; and thro' the blue serene,  
 For flight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies ;  
 Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
 Storing afresh with elemental life. 695  
 Close crouds the shining atmosphere ; and binds  
 Our strengthened bodies in its cold embrace,  
 Constringent ; feeds, and animates our blood ;  
 Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,  
 In swifter sallies darting to the brain ; 700  
 Where fits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
 Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.  
 All Nature feels the renovating force  
 Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye  
 In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe 705  
 Draws in abundant vegetable foul,  
 And gathers vigour for the coming year.  
 A stronger glow fits on the lively cheek  
 Of ruddy fire : and luculent along

The purer rivers flow ; their fullen deeps,  
Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

710

WHAT art thou, frost ? and whence are thy keen stores  
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,  
Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly ?  
Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd  
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense  
Thro' water, earth, and ether ? Hence at eve,  
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
With the fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,  
An icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career  
Arrests the bickering stream. The loosened ice,  
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,  
Rustles no more ; but to the sedgy bank  
Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,  
A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
Cemented firm ; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,  
The whole imprison'd river growls below,  
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
A double noise ; while, at his evening watch,  
The village dog deters the nightly thief ;  
The heifer lows ; the distant water-fall  
Swells in the breeze ; and, with the hasty tread  
Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain

715

720

725

730

Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,  
Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
Shines out intensely keen ; and, all one cope  
Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole. 740  
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on ;  
Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,  
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears 745  
The various labour of the silent night :  
Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
The pendant icicle ; the frost-work fair,  
Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise ; 750  
Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen-brook,  
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn ;  
The forest bent beneath the plamy wave ;  
And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,  
Incrustèd hard, and sounding to the tread . . . 755  
Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,  
Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,  
While every work of Man is laid at rest, 760  
Fond o'er the river croud, in various sport  
And revelry dissolv'd ; where mixing glad,  
Happiest of all the train ! the raptur'd boy

Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine*  
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends, 765  
 From every province swarming, void of care,  
*Batavia* rushes forth; and as they sweep,  
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,  
 Incireling poise, swift as the winds, along,  
 The then gay land is maddened all to joy. 770  
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,  
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,  
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
 The long-resounding course. Mean-time, to raise  
 The manly strife, with highly blooming charms, 775  
 Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia*'s dames,  
 Or *Russia*'s buxom daughters glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;  
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun,  
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon:  
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff: 781  
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
 Relents a while to the reflected ray;  
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow, 785  
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around  
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,  
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot,  
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields; 790  
 And,

And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
Distress the footed or the feather'd game.

BUT what is this? Our infant Winter sinks,  
Divested of his grandeur, should our eye  
Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone*; 795  
Where, for relentless months, continual night  
Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,  
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,  
Wide-roams the *Russian* exile. Nought around 800  
Strikes his sad eye, but desarts lost in snow;  
And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,  
That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,  
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;  
And cheerless towns far-distant, never bless'd, 805  
Save when its annual course the caravan  
Bends to the golden coast of rich \**Cathay*,  
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;  
Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,  
The surry nations harbour: tipt with jet, 810  
Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;  
Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,  
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,  
Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.  
There, warm together press'd, the trooping deer 815

Sleep

\* The old Name for China.

Sleep on the new fallen snows ; and, scarce his head  
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk  
 Lies slumbering fullen in the white abyss.  
 The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,  
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives 820  
 The fearful flying race ; with ponderous clubs,  
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push  
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,  
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home. 825  
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,  
 Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,  
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn ;  
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,  
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift, 830  
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,  
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

WIDE o'er the spacious regions of the north,  
 That see *Boötes* urge his tardy wain,  
 A boisterous race, by frosty \* *Caurus* pierc'd. 835  
 Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,  
 Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame  
 Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery funk,  
 Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful sweep  
 Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south, 840  
 And

\* *The North-West Wind.*

† *The wandering Scythian-Clans.*

And gave the vanquish'd world another form,  
Not such the sons of *Lapland*: wisely they  
Despise th' infensate barbarous trade of war;  
They ask no more than simple Nature gives,  
They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.  
No false desires, no pride-created wants, 346  
Disturb the peaceful current of their time;  
And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze  
Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage. 349  
Their rain-deer form their riches. These their tents,  
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth  
Supply, their wholesome fare, and chearful cups.  
Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe  
Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift  
O'er hill and dale, heap'd in to one expanse 355  
Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep  
With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.  
By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake  
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,  
And vivid moons, and stars that keener play 360  
With doubled lustre from the radiant waste,  
Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find  
A wondrous day: enough to light the chase,  
Or guide their daring steps to *Finland-fairs*.  
Wish'd Spring returns; and from the hazy south, 365  
While dim Aurora slowly moves before,  
The welcome sun, just verging up at first,  
By small degrees extends the swelling curve!

Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months,  
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds, 870  
 And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,  
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.  
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,  
 Where pure \* *Niemi*'s fairy mountains rise,  
 And fring'd with roses † *Tenglio* rolls his stream, 875  
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,  
 They chearful-loaded to their tents repair;  
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,  
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.  
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd 880  
 From legal plunder and rapacious power :  
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown  
 The seeds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er knew  
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath  
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe. 885

STILL

\* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having described the beautiful Lake and Mountain of *Niemi* in Lapland, says---" From this Height we had occasion several times to see those vapours rise from the Lake which the people of the country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian Spirits of the Mountains. We had been frighted with Stories of Bears that haunted th's Place, but saw none. It seem'd rather a place of resort for Fairies and Genii than Bears."

† The same Author observes---" I was surprized to see upon the banks of this River, (the *Tenglio*) Roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens."

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornéa's* lake,  
 And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waste of snow,  
 And farthest *Greenland*, to the pole itself,  
 Where failing gradual life at length goes out,  
 The Muse expands her solitary flight; 890  
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,  
 Beholds new seas beneath \* another sky.  
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,  
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court;  
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule 895  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard:  
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;  
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;  
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,  
 With which he now oppresses half the globe. 900

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,  
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main;  
 Where undissolving, from the first of time,  
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;  
 And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd, 905  
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.  
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge,  
 Alps frown on Alps; or rushing hideous down,  
 As

\* The other Hemisphere.

As if old Chaos was again return'd, 910  
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.  
 Ocean itself no longer can resist  
 The binding fury; but, in all its rage  
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,  
 Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd, 915  
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,  
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
 Of every life, that from the dreary months  
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!  
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice, 920  
 Take their last look of the descending sun;  
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,  
 Falls horrible. Such was the \* BRITON's fate,  
 As with *first* prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)  
 He for the passage sought, attempted since 926  
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.  
 In these fell regions, in *Arzina* caught,  
 And to the stony deep his idle ship 930  
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,  
 Each full exerted at his several task,  
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued  
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

HARD

\* Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN ELIZABETH to discover the North-East Passage.

HARD by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream  
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of Men ; 936  
 And half enlivened by the distant sun,  
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,  
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form.

Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves, 940  
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,  
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,  
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,  
 Nor tenderness they know ; nor aught of life,  
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without. 945  
 Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,  
 Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,  
 And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace.

WHAT cannot active government perform,  
 New-moulding Man ? Wide-stretching from these shores  
 A people savage from remotest time, 951  
 A huge neglected empire ONE VAST MIND,  
 By HEAVEN inspir'd, from Gothic darkness call'd.  
 Immortal PETER ! first of monarchs ! He  
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her sens, 955  
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons ;  
 And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,  
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the *Man*.  
 Ye shades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd  
 Thro' long successive ages to build up 960  
 A labouring plan of state, behold at once

The

The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!  
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then  
 A mighty shadow of unreal power;  
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;  
 And roaming every land, in every port 966  
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand  
 Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,  
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,  
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill, 970  
 Charg'd with the stores of *Europe* home he goes!  
 Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;  
 O'er joyless desarts smiles the rural reign;  
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;  
 Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltick* roar; 975  
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd  
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch  
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here  
 The frantic *Alexander* of the north,  
 And awing there stern *Othman*'s shrinking sons. 980  
*Sloth* flies the land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,  
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,  
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,  
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:  
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enfor'd, 985  
 More potent still, his great *Example* shew'd.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,  
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd,

The

The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.

Spotted the mountains shine ; loose fleet descends, 990  
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,  
O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,  
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once ;  
And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain 995  
Is left one slimy waste. Those sullen seas,  
That wash'd th' ungenial pole, will rest no more  
Beneath the shackles of the mighty north ;  
But, rousing all their waves, resolute heave---  
And hark ! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
Athwart the rifted deep : at once it bursts, 1001  
And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,  
That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors  
Beneath the shelter of an icy isle, 1005  
While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
More horrible. Can human force endure  
Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round ?  
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,  
The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice, 1010  
Now ceasing, now renew'd with louder rage,  
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main,  
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan  
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,  
Tempest the loosen'd brine, while thro' the gloom, 1016  
Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,

Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl  
 Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.  
 Yet PROVIDENCE, that ever waking eye,  
 Looks down with pity on the feeble toil      1020  
 Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,  
 Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! ---dread WINTER spreads his latest gloom  
 And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.  
 How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!      1025  
 How dumb the tuneful! horror wide extends  
 His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!  
 See here thy pictur'd life, pass some few years,  
 Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,  
 Thy sober Autumn fading into age,      1030  
 And pale concluding Winter comes at last,  
 And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,  
 Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes  
 Of happiness? those longings after fame?  
 Those restless cares? those busy bustling days? 1035  
 Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thought  
 Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?  
 All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,  
 Immortal never-failing friend of Man,  
 His guide to happiness on high. ---And see!      1040  
 'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth  
 Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears  
 The new creating word, and starts to life,

In every heightened form, from pain and death  
For ever free. *The great eternal scheme* 1045  
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*  
Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.  
Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,  
Confounded in the dust, adore that **POWER**, 1050  
And **WISDOM** oft arraign'd: see now the cause,  
Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,  
And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share  
In life was gall and bitterness of soul:  
Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd, 1055  
In starving solitude; while luxury,  
In palaces, lay straining her low thought,  
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,  
And moderation fair, wore the red marks  
Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain, 1060  
That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
Imbitter'd all our blifs. Ye good distrest!  
Ye noble few! who here unbending stand  
Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,  
And what your bounded view, which only saw 1065  
A little part, deem'd Evil is no more:  
The storms of **WINTRY TIME** will quickly pass,  
And one unbounded **SPRING** encircle all.

THE END.

## A

## H Y M N.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these,

Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.  
Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;  
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;  
And every sense, and every heart is joy.

Then comes THY glory in the Summer-months,  
With light and heat resplendent. Then THY sun  
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year :  
And oft THY voice in dreadful thunder speaks ;  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
THY bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In Winter awful Thou ! with clouds and storms  
Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd  
Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,

ding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,  
And humblest Nature with THY northern blast. 20

3; Tell serious round! what skill, what force divine,  
It, in these appear! a simple train,  
So delightful mix'd, with such kind art,  
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;  
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade; 25  
And all so forming an harmonious whole;  
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.

4 At wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
Man marks not THEE, marks not the mighty hand,  
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres; 30  
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:  
Bings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves, 35  
With transport touches all the springs of life.

5 NATURE, attend! join every living soul,  
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
One general song! To HIM, ye vocal gales, 40  
Breathe soft, whose SPIRIT in your freshness breathes:  
Oh talk of HIM in solitary glooms!  
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine  
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.

And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar, 4 Retain  
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven Ye v.  
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rag. And  
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills, Ye w.  
 And let me catch it as I muse along. Burst  
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound ; 5 Expire  
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze Sweet  
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main, The l.  
 A secret world of wonders in thyself, Ye ch.  
 Sound His stupendous praise ; whose greater voice At o.  
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall. 55 Crown  
 Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers, Assent  
 In mingled clouds to HIM ; whose sun exalts, The l.  
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints At fo.  
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to HIM ; And,  
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart, 60 In on  
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon. Or if  
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep And  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams, Ther  
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike, The  
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65 Still  
 Great source of day ! best image here below For r.  
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide, Whe  
 From world to world, the vital ocean round, Russ  
 On Nature write with every beam His praise. Or V.  
 The thunder rolls : be hush'd the prostrate world ; 70 Be m.  
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn. And  
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,

Retain

4 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,  
en Ye valleys, raise; for the GREAT SHEPHERD reigns;  
5 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come. 75

6 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song  
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,  
5 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm  
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.  
7 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles; 81  
ce At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
55 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,  
rs Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85  
nts At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;  
And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
63 In one united ardor rise to heaven.  
Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,  
And find a fane in every sacred grove;  
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
65 Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.  
For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray 95  
Ruffles the plain, inspiring Autumn gleams;  
Or Winter rises in the blackening east;  
70 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,  
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes, 101  
 Rivers unknown to song ; where first the sun  
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles ; 'tis nought to me :  
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt, 105  
 In the void waste as in the city full ;  
 And where HE vital spreads there must be joy.  
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers, 110  
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go  
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons ;  
 From seeming *Evil* still educating *Good*,  
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still, 115  
 In infinite progression.-----But I lose  
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE !  
 Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.

THE END.



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